

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOAKS, SHOES, ETC.

WADE INTO THE BARGAINS.

J. M. High & Co.

BOW TO STERN NECESSITY, AND OFFER FOR THE NEXT TWENTY DAYS

SACRIFICES IN SEASONABLE MERCHANDISE UNHEARD OF IN THE ANNALS OF TRADE

Prices Demoralized, Values Ignored, Profit a Thing of the Past.

Our one and only thought for the next twenty days will be to convert into Cash every item of Winter Stuff now owned by us. The figures below include only a few selected Specials, which serve as an Index to the MARVELOUS VALUES which may be had at High's, and High's ONLY.

Cloaks.

The Cloak season with us has been immense. Despite the mild winter we have sold double the amount of Cloaks ever sold by us in any one fall before. The season to date has been a profitable one, therefore we can afford to sacrifice stock now on hand.

When we say sacrifice, we don't mean any half-way business. We go the whole length, and place every garment in stock at from one-half to one-fourth of actual value.

Newmarkets, Connemaras, Modjeskas and Jackets to be made short work of. Original price or value not considered. The loss is ours, and we accept it as best we can.

Turn it to your profit by paying the department a call the coming week. The prices at which the goods are offered will surprise you.

Down They Go.

Entire lot of Children's fine Cloaks marked in plain figures at \$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.50 and \$15.00, now at

\$5.50.

Entire lot of Misses' Newmarkets, marked in stock at from \$10 to \$20, now at

\$8.00.

Entire lot Ladies' Cloth Modjeskas that were \$10 and \$12, now reduced to

\$5.00.

Entire lot Ladies' Cloth Modjeskas that were \$6, \$7 and \$9, now down to

\$3.00.

Entire lot of Ladies' tailor-made Jackets that were \$8, \$9 and \$10, now to be sacrificed at

\$5.00.

Entire lot Ladies' fine Jackets extra value at \$12.50, \$15 and \$17.50, now fall under the hammer at

\$8.

Entire lot Ladies' Newmarkets and Connemaras that were \$5 to \$8, now to go at

\$3.50.

Entire lot Ladies' Newmarkets that were \$8 to \$11, now at

\$5.

Entire lot Ladies' Newmarkets that were \$11.50 to \$15, now at

\$7.50.

Every garment mentioned above is new and fresh—not one in stock over three months. If the prices named don't tempt you, then you don't want to buy a Cloak.

Embroidered Scarfs.

100 colored fingered embroidered shoulder Scarfs worth \$1 each, cut this week to 50c.

250 embroidered shoulder Scarfs, extra fine quality, worth \$2.50, cut to \$1.65.

Curtains.

Special.—100 pairs imported Nottingham Lace Curtains, worth \$3.50, for this week at \$1.98 pair.

50 pairs Portieres, elegant Chenille Dado, at \$2.25 pair, worth \$3.

50 pairs Portieres, with handsome flowered Chenille Dado, \$3.50 pair.

All Chenille, elegant quality, Portiers at \$6, worth \$10.

Jerseys.

200 Children's all wool Jersey Jackets at 50c each. These need no comment. Come before they are all gone.

Gossimeres.

500 Ladies' Rubber Gossimeres, gray, tans, etc., at \$1 each, worth double.

Scrim.

30,000 yards open work Curtain Scrim at 7c yard, sold all over Atlanta at 10c yard.

Cassimeres.

20 pieces extra fine wool Cassimeres for Men and Boys' suits at 47c yard, worth 65c.

Domestics.

This week, on Monday and Friday, from 8 to 10 in the mornings, and from 2 to 4 in the afternoons, we will sell 4-4 Lonsdale and Fruit of the Loom Domestics at 7-8 cents yard. This price is strictly retail, and is only good for the hours mentioned.

Dress Goods.

Colored Woollens also share in the general reduction.

The prices named under this heading are dirt cheap, and will sell every piece mentioned during the coming week.

Down! Down! Down!

36-inch wool mixed Cheviots worth 17c all over Atlanta, cut to 10c yard.

Side Band Novelties, 20 pieces 38 inches wide to be closed at 25c yard, worth 40c.

60 pieces 58 inch Fancy Wool Stripes to be closed at 31c yard, worth 50c.

44 inch all Wool Serge, complete line colors, 75c yard to be closed at 30c yard.

120 pieces All Wool Silk finished Henriettas at 75c yard. Every known shade. Same goods being sold all over Atlanta at \$1 yard.

Broadcloths.

40 pieces 52 inch Cloths, one dollar grade and good value at that price, now at 60c yard.

60 pieces 54-inch Broadcloth, our \$1.25 quality now down to 90c.

Our \$1.50 and \$1.75 Broadcloth all down now to \$1.21.

350 Ends.

Many Dress Patterns among them. Marked on bargain counters in plain figures to close.

Remember these are the leavings of the choicest goods in the house and are sold at a great sacrifice from both pieces.

Black Goods.

In this our favorite department. We have already won glory enough for another decade of Black Goods selling. The marvelous values have been made more marvelous still by the great reduction made for this January sale.

Prices are given for this week only.

20 pieces all wool extra fine Twill, Foule Serge, 40-inches wide, to be sold this week at 51c yard, worth 65c.

5 pieces Biaritz cord, Henrietta finish on one side and Ottoman Cord on the other now offered at 98c, worth \$1.55.

10 pieces Silk Warp French Henriettas, a special job, worth \$1.75 yard, offered this week at \$1.35.

18 pieces B. Priestley & Co.'s celebrated Silk Warp Henriettas, \$2.50 quality, this week for \$1.85 yard.

Silks.

High's Silk Department ranks first and foremost in Atlanta.

It's well known values have made for it a reputation which it is the pride of the house to sustain.

The dull season prices are on.

Odds and ends are to be closed out and Bargains are the watchword of the hour.

Note the Prices:

1,000 yards Evening Satins, evening shades, worth 50 to 75c, to be closed at 21c yard.

25 pieces Silk Moires in dark shades at 39c yard.

125 lengths French Faille, all less than dress patterns, worth in stock \$1.25 and \$1.50, now to be closed at 60c yard.

15 pieces Peau De Sole, in Havana brown, seal brown, garnet and cardinal at 69c yard, worth \$1.25.

Closing sale of Evening Nets, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2. Nets now to be closed at 75c.

Extra fine Tinselled Nets worth \$1.50, now at \$1.

At \$1.99 entire lot Evening Nets in Ribbon effects, were \$2.25.

One line guaranteed Black Dress Silks at 98c, worth \$1.35. Every style of Silk manufactured.

Special value in one line of Black Dress Silks at \$1.23. Reduced from \$1.65.

Blankets.

Staple articles and never out of style. But we have too many, and they must be sold.

10-4 white Blankets, all more or less soiled, worth \$3.50; cut to \$1.98.

10-4 white wool Blankets, reduced from \$5 to \$3.10.

Fine Australian wool Blankets, reduced from \$6 to \$4.

Extra fine California Blankets that were \$10, now \$7.25.

Extraordinary values in colored Blankets and Lap Robes, fully twenty per cent under value.

Flannels.

6 pieces, all wool, red twilled Flannel, extra value, to be closed at 22c yard, worth 35c.

8 pieces Gilbert's, yard wide Flannel, all wool and extra quality, at 48c yard.

Embroidered Flannels.

Gilbert's best yard wide Flannel, embroidered with best silk twist, at 50c yard; worth 75c.

Embroidered Flannels for Skirts, grays, reds, browns, etc., embroidered in contrasting colors, reduced from \$1.35 to 95c yard.

Knit Underwear.

Every item at a sacrifice. Profit not a question—the stock must be closed.

60 dozen Men's Scotch Grey Shirts and Drawers, at 35c each, worth 50c.

40 dozen Men's natural undyed wool Shirts and Drawers, at 87c each, reduced from \$1.25.

Men's Camel Hair Suits at \$2.40 suit, good value at old price—\$4.

Men's fine Australian wool Suits, in two shades, tan and London Brown, at \$2.60 suit, were \$4.

Ladies' fine Egyptian cotton, Jersey ribbed Vests, high neck and long sleeves, 45c each.

Ladies' lamb's wool Vests and Pants, at 92c each, were \$1.50.

50 dozen Ladies' scarlet, all wool Vests and Pants, at 90c, were \$1.25.

Ladies' Jersey ribbed, all wool non-shrinkable Vests, in all colors, \$1.20, reduced from \$1.75.

Full line Children's cotton half and all wool Shirts, all sizes, at less than New York cost.

Men's Shirts.

Nowhere in this country are such phenomenal values to be had as we offer.

Superior workmanship, best material, lowest prices.

High's Homestead.

Made of homestead cotton, 3-ply linen bosom, reinforced fronts, patent extension back facings, 50c each.

High's Puritan.

Made of Utica nonpareil cotton, 2100 linen bosoms and bands, full re-inforced, patent extension facings in back, 75c each.

Night Robes.

Plain white and embroidered, extra length, extraordinary values at 72c.

Men's Collars.

Our 4-ply linen, 10c Collars have been the talk of the town for the past twelve months. Dozens of futile efforts have been made by other dealers to duplicate it, but all to no avail.

18 styles, including all the latest cuts. Three new styles out for spring.

This Collar is just as good as any of the 20c Collars on the market.

"Barker Brand" Collars.

We have added a complete line of the celebrated "Barker Brand" Collars, which are superior to any 25c Collar on the market—no exceptions. Styles to suit everybody, 15c each, 5 for 50c.

Umbrellas.

225 Gingham Umbrellas, worth 85c; to be closed out at 55c each.

175 Gloria Silk Umbrellas, oxidized handles, reduced from \$3.50 to \$1.50.

200 all silk, paragon frame, 26-inch Umbrellas, at \$3.10; worth \$4.50.

Linens.

The quantities we handle of these goods gives us purchasing power unequalled by any dealer in this state.

We buy direct from the importers and manufacturers and sell at closer margin than any of our neighbors ever dared to do. We make some phenomenal reductions for the coming week and ask that all intending purchases inspect our prices.

200 dozen Linen Huck Towels, at 10c; worth 11c.

100 dozen Huck and Damask Towels, at 12c; worth 15c.

50 dozen Linen Huck hemstitched Towels, at 20c; worth 25c.

The very best Huck and Damask Towels ever shown on the American continent, at 25c each.

One lot slightly soiled book fold linen Napkins, at 21c dozen—a bargain.

5-8 book fold Satin Damask Napkins, at \$1.25 dozen; worth \$1.75.

Special Job.

60 pieces full width table Linen, white, with colored border and Turkey red, offered on bargain counter at 22c yard, worth 40c.

8 pieces half bleached table Damask at 47c yard, worth 65c.

5 dozen Linen Table Cloths—the bargain of the department—sizes 10x10 and 10x12, extra heavy, double Satin Damask, floral center piece, with deep border all round, at \$2.98 each, worth \$4.50.

2 cases extra weight honey comb Quilts, 10-4 size, at 72c each.

Embroideries.

150,000 yards of Hamburg and Nainsook Embroideries in trimming widths, just to hand this week, imported direct for our own trade and placed on sale Monday morning. Special drives at 10c, 12c, 15c and 25c.

Torchons.

Medicis, Smyrnas, etc., direct from the hands of the Swiss, the best collection of styles and the most remarkable values we have ever shown.

Note the bargain tables at 5c, 10c, 15c and 25c.

Neckwear.

New Vandyke and Eiffel Points in Ruchings, Laces and Collars.

Fluted turnover Collars.

Fauntleroy sets in Linen and Lace.

All the latest novelties at High's popular prices.

Gloves.

50 dozen Ladies' real Kid Gloves, in all the popular standard shades, at 75c pair.

Charmant, our great French dollar Kid Glove, has a wonderful record this season, black and popular shades. Unquestionably the best Glove ever sold for one hundred cents.

Mignon, our great \$1.50 Glove, French made perfect fitting, and as good as any \$2 Glove in the market. Fitted and warranted every pair.

Full line 16, 24 and 30 button lengths in opera shades, at about 25 per cent less than other dealers get for them.

Shoes.

The unprecedented success of this, our new department, adds another to our list of triumphs.

In four months we have forged to the front, and are now universally recognized as the foremost dealers in first-class Shoes in the city of Atlanta.

Infants' kid button Shoes, 50c reduced from 75c.

Child's kid button Shoes, sizes 4 to 8, 95c, reduced from \$1.25.

Misses' pebble goat spring heel Shoes, sizes 11 to 2, \$1.15, reduced from \$1.50.

Ladies' kid and goat lace, 75c, worth \$1.25.

Ladies' dongola kid button, \$1, reduced from \$1.25.

Ladies' dongola kid button, common sense and opera, \$1.25, reduced from \$1.75.

Ladies' dongola kid button, Spanish arch instep, \$1.45, reduced from \$2.

Ladies' French dongola kid button, patent leather tips, \$2.45, reduced from \$3.

Ladies' French kid button, hand sewed, \$3, reduced from \$4.

Gents' congress and bals plain and cap toe, \$1.25, reduced from \$1.75.

Gents' genuine calf Shoes, congress and bals, \$2.50, reduced from \$3.

Gents' fine calf Shoes, hand sewed, \$3.50, reduced from \$4.50.

Ziegler Bros.' Shoes.

We keep every style of Shoe made by Ziegler Bros., and at prices so much lower than any other dealer in Atlanta that some people are inclined to question the genuineness of the Shoes. We guarantee them to be Ziegler Bros.' make, of Philadelphia, and identically the same as those you have always paid \$1.50 per pair more than our price.

Ziegler Bros.' gents' calf Shoes, hand sewed, \$3.75; sold at \$6.

Ziegler Bros.' ladies' dongola kid button Shoes, \$2.25; sold at \$3.50.

Ziegler Bros.' ladies' pebble goat button Shoes, \$2; sold at \$2.75.

Ziegler Bros.' ladies' kid congress Shoes, \$2.25; sold at \$3.

Ziegler Bros.' old ladies' kid and goat bals, solid comfort, \$1.85; sold at \$2.50.

Ziegler Bros.' misses' kid and goat spring heel Shoes, \$1.75; sold at \$2.75.

Ziegler Bros.' child's kid and goat spring heel Shoes, sizes 4 to 8, \$1; sold at \$1.50.

Ziegler Bros.' infants' kid button Shoes, sizes 1 to 5, 50c; sold at 75c.

Domestic Underwear.

Our immense spring purchases of Ladies' Domestic Underwear now on sale.

The most complete and comprehensive line of choice Garments ever shown in this market.



50 dozen Ladies' Chemise as per illustration above at 25c each.

30 dozen Ladies' Chemise, handsomely trimmed with Hamburg Embroidery and fine cluster tucks 50c each.

20 dozen Ladies' Chemise, extra fine material, trimmed with Nainsook Embroidery and fine cluster tucks 75c.



50 dozen Ladies' Gowns, Saque style, trimmed with Embroidery and fine tucks as per illustration, 50c.

25 dozen Ladies' fine quality, Gowns, elegantly trimmed with hand-made medallion lace, 95c each.

50 dozen Ladies' Drawers, with deep hem and four tucks, 25c pair.

25 dozen Ladies' Drawers, trimmed with embroidery and inserting, with double cluster tucks, 75c pair.

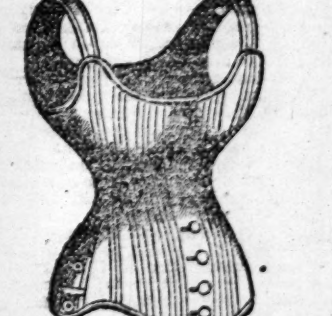
50 dozen Ladies' Corset Covers, nicely made up, with deep hem, 25c each.

20 dozen Corset Covers, made of Lonsdale Cambric, trimmed with nainsook embroidery, 75c each.

Ladies' Corsets.

The finest line in the city; all the popular styles at lowest prices.

Corset Waists.



We have opened a full line of the celebrated Ferris Waists for Ladies and Children, and offer them at lowest prices.

Note our central display window. It is the finest exhibition of Ladies' Domestic Underwear ever seen in the south.

Hosiery.

200 dozen Ladies' black, navy and seal, all wool, seamless Hose, 25c.

138 dozen Infant's black and solid colored, ribbed, wool Hose, 10, 12, 15 and 25c.

150 dozen Gents' Merino Half Hose, seamless, 12c.

87 dozen Misses' black ribbed, seamless, all wool Hose, 25c.

100 dozen Ladies' black and unbleached fleece lined, full regular made Hose, 25c.

50 dozen Ladies' fine cashmere Hose, double sole, navy, seal and black, 50c.

75 dozen Ladies' black ribbed seamless Hose, all wool, 40c.

Infant's Crochet Booties, 15, 25 and 35c.

Infant's, Children, Ladies and Gents' fast black, cotton Hosiery, guaranteed stainless or money refunded, 25c.

Notions.

5,000 papers imported English Pins, full count, at 3c paper.

1,000 papers needles, best English tempered steel, at 2c paper.

100 gross black roll skirt Braid, at 3c roll.

Wire Hair Pins, 100 in wood box, at 5c box.

200 bolts, Webb Elastic, good quality, at 4c yard.

110 Hair Brushes, best English bristles, hard wood handles, 25c each; worth 55c.

Hard Rubber Combs, extra quality, at 10c each; worth 25c.

J. & P. Coats' nickel plated spoons, with 5 spoons thread, at 25c each.

Chesborough Vaseline, at 7c bottle; not to be had for less than 10c elsewhere.

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CENTRAL AMERICA.

AN INTERESTING TALK WITH AN ENTERTAINING TALKER.

Mr. A. J. Miller Recites Some of the Features of His Travels in Central America—The Development of the Country.

"There are few parts of the civilized world so little known to the general reader as Central America. Though it is a wide expanse of territory, habited by nearly five millions of people possessing a magnificent climate and rich natural productions, scarcely anything authentic has been written in regard to it. Nearly all maps of the country are defective, the leading geographical features being quite misrepresented. Statistical information absolutely wanting, and what little there has been written appears to have been gathered more or less from hearsay, or still worse, from draughts on the imagination, calculated rather to mislead than instruct.

"But to the botanist and ornithologist it is truly an elysium for their favorite pursuits; to the paleontologist and antiquary, it affords an inexhaustible mine for study and speculation; to the mineralogist and geologist, it is rich in innumerable resources, while to the general traveler or the lover and worshiper of nature it opens a rich and ever-changing beauty of landscape, a picture of luxuriant vegetation and rugged mountain grandeur, unsurpassed in any other part of the world."

Such was the unmeasured praise showered upon Central America by Mr. A. J. Miller, who has just returned from there, and who is at present stopping in the city upon a visit to his sister, Mrs. W. H. Venable.

At the request of a representative of THE CONSTITUTION, Mr. Miller has given some of his impressions and experiences of this important division of the new world.

LAND OF THE SAMBOS.

During the past seven months, I have visited all of the five republics of Central America, in the interest of a large newspaper syndicate. But the most interesting part of my work was the exploration of the hitherto unknown country of the Sambos, in northwestern Nicaragua. It is a wild section, reached only by tortuous Indian trails, covered with vast virgin forests of mahogany and cedar, and under the dominion of the savage Sambos, who have never yet yielded to the authority of any government but their own, giving a non-alienated allegiance to Mosquito king, the last remnant of monarchy in the western world. These Sambos are as black as ebony, possessing some generic identities with the pure Congo, but widely differing from him in other mental and physical features. The origin of this tribe is traced to the black Indians found upon the isthmus when first visited by the daring adventurer, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific. They are still in a very barbarous state, going without any wearing apparel and observing a religion that is a quaint admixture of mythology and superstition. They entertain a blind faith in witchcraft, and invest their sukias (success) with unlimited authority over temporal and spiritual affairs.

A MODERN PUZZLE.

The religion of the Sambos and his worship of the god, Rushika, has a strong similarity to Paganism, an old god of the Japanese and Chinese. The Sambos believe that at certain seasons, this god goes into certain plants and animals, as well as giving visible manifestations of himself in the sun, moon and stars. As a consequence, they have a great many objects of veneration. The medicinal plants are supposed to receive their virtues and to have been given supernatural powers through the breath of Rushika. The anacanda, which furnishes a superior oil for the cure of rheumatism, swollen joints, etc., is venerated for the same reason, and religiously protected during the generative season. They believe that all unusual commotions in nature, such as earthquakes and tornadoes, are the visible angry moods of Rushika, but that the same can be appeased or warded off by charms or even by physical force. For instance, they think the storm-cloud is supported by an evil messenger, whom they can kill, by discharging their arrows into the approaching ominous cloud.

CURED BY CHARMS AND SPELLS. The native doctors, or wise men, among the Sambos occupy high places in the estimation of the natives. They use a few medicinal herbs in sickness, but rely mostly upon charms and spells to drive away the demon of disease. To this end, they carry with them certain stones, seeds, teeth of wild animals or the anacanda and other things, which are concealed about the patient, who has a blind faith in the curative virtues of the charms. The sukia does not encroach upon the domain of the doctors, in the power of healing, but assumes, by the exercise of the "black art" to visit the direct calamities upon any one that incurs her displeasure. One of these witches can cause the massacre of our entire party, because of an inexplicable dislike she had taken to one of the native guides. We only escaped destruction by the providential intervention of a thunder storm, which was construed as the anger of Rushika at the deed.

POLITICAL STATUS OF THE COUNTRY. After the recital of other interesting incidents Mr. Miller asked concerning the effort now being made to form these five republics into a compact federal union.

"The result," said he, "of that feeble effort is furnished by the serious troubles now precipitated between Salvador and Guatemala. Unless something unforeseen intervenes, this difficulty will involve all of these countries before the end of the year, at least at certain points, as was a strong point in favor of success. A league was put loosely upon each artery and vein and they were sewed. The ligatures were instantly tightened, an alarming change came over each child. They went into a state of collapse, and there was every indication that they would both die in a few moments. The black child stopped breathing in five minutes. The surgeon labored for an hour, using artificial respiration and stimulants, and his effort was rewarded by a return of consciousness and subsequent recovery.

An autopsy was held upon the girl's body to find the cause for the sudden death, and the remarkable discovery was made that this child was without a heart. The other organs were normal, the arterial system, it was thought, depended for its supply of blood on the other child. This opinion was changed several days afterward while the wound on the child's side was being dressed. The stump was gangrenous and the diseased portion was cut away. The removal of this flesh revealed, in all its perfection, a human heart imbedded in the tissue. It was the heart of the dead girl, and when the artery was severed, it stopped the supply of blood. It was something that could not have been foretold, and it is probably the first time in the world's history that a human being has lived without a heart in the body.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

GLIMPSES OF THE PANORAMA OF STREET LIFE IN THE CITY.

The Young Impostor and His More Experienced School Master, with Some Thoughts on the Mystery of Life.

Coming and going! Going and coming. The surges of humanity beating upon the shores of time. The lights and shadows of life like the fleeting panorama of the drifting clouds of winter across the mysterious expanse of the distant heavens.

It is so strange, so unreal, so unaccountable. Who looks defined the boundary between the visions of the night and the fantastic realities of the day? Who can say of a surety: "This is not a dream!"

To the quiet observer, who stands in the midst of the restless current, whose waves break about him, there are a thousand weird mysteries that haunt the faint light of a golden day. There are troops of indefinable actualities between the night-shrouded earth and the star-enlivened skies. And the pathetic echoes of hidden voices man among the broken murmurs of the restless winds.

"Alone, alone, alone!" There is one consolation, and one only. Among the eloquent silence of the night, and the mute expressions of the day, humanity feels and knows that God is near. That still sense is heard above the raging of the tempest; it rises above the most seductive songs of the summer gale. Through the dim of the crashing thunder; distinct from the wall of the night winds.

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day! From wave to wave we're driven, And fancy's flash and reason's ray Serve but to light the troubled way. There's nothing true but heaven!"

Environed by the wrecks of shattered hopes; weeping amid the ruins of broken idols; disconsolate over the graves of cherished hopes; there is ever something that causes us to raise our tearful eyes toward that Great Principle with which our souls have been blessed with a portion.

The dummy was pretty well filled with passengers, and the two little blue-eyed boys with a violin. He thrummed away, one pathetic air after another, and the passengers listened with indifference.

Suddenly a lady entered the car and seated herself near the little musician. There was a light in her eyes, and a smile on her lips, and she looked at the boy with a certain interest.

"Can't you play something lively?" she was asked.

The boy reached for his cap, half in salutation, and more than half from habit, for he had learned his lesson in the school of mendicants.

"I don't know," he replied as he keyed up his instrument, and a wistful look came into his blue eyes as he gazed on the radiant face beside him.

"Suppose you try 'Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut'?"

The boy seemed electrified. He had played melancholy airs, and lugubrious ditties so much that he had almost forgotten the happy thoughtlessness of a moment when he was rattling away like a good fellow, patting with his foot in time to the jolly tune.

He worked his knees so glibly that she asked him as he played:

"That card around your neck says, 'Help the Crippled Boy.' Is your brother crippled?"

"You are not, surely?"

"No, but my brother is. He is lame, and he is blind, and he is deaf, and he is dumb, and he is poor, and he is ugly, and he is old, and he is dying."

"My arm's out of place."

She looked disappointed, but her charity won the sort of a smile that is not evil, and she reached down into the pockets of her Newmarket, brought out a handful of nuts and candies, and with a jingling nickel the contribution fell into his cap.

Her goodness of heart was contagious, and by the time the car reached the terminus a number of nickels and dimes made a silver lining for the tattered cap.

He stopped to thank his words of grateful thanks, but with a thoughtful expression on her face she hurried up the street.

"Was this her first disappointment? No, perhaps she wondered if she had ever disappointed others.

The shadows had fallen and the bleak winds were piping a roundelay to the wild dance of the storm upon the haunted high chimneys robes in the face of the melancholy moon.

A policeman entered the stationhouse, holding by the arm a stout and abled-looking man. The fiddler boy followed.

"This man is just living off the earnings of the boy, who he says is his son," said the officer.

"Well, he is my son. Hain't I a right to live off his earnings?"

"What do you do for a living?" asked the chief.

"I don't do much of nothing," he answered, "for I'm not able to work."

"You're a scoundrel."

"Yes, but I'm afflicted; I've got the dropsy."

He spoke with the most insolent, but supplicating air of a vagabond, and all present knew that he was an impostor.

"Well, sir, we'll just give you a few hours to get out of town. We have been watching you for a long while. You are only a loafer, living off the misplaced charity of benevolent people."

Vainly I scanned the face of the boy to discover some sign of natural shame and being caught in such a flagrant piece of deceit.

He shrugged a beggar's appeal on his violin, and his face was as expressionless as a stone.

Then I felt grieved. I was not surprised at the conduct of the man, for he had schooled his tongue to do the bidding of his pitiful soul.

But the boy—well, I felt more disappointed than she had, when she found she had cast her pearls before swine.

And yet I heard with the consoling consciousness that she had but followed the purest impulse of a charitable heart, even if in so doing she had encouraged the youthful impostor in pursuing his career of deception.

"There faith lifts up her radiant eyes, To brighten the path of the blind, And views the tempest passing by, And evening shadows swiftly fly, But all serene in heaven."

After the storm of the earlier evening comes the listless calm of morning hours.

Few are abroad during these ghostly hours when the shrill echoes call from nooks and corners and the mouths of dismal alleys, to tell that some intruder is poaching on the preserves of sleep.

Worn and weary, I was tramping along the deserted street, wondering if there were many such as I abroad at this hour.

"Say, there, friend. A word with you."

"All right. What is it?"

"Tarning, behind a familiar figure. His wrinkled face and the scattered locks of his poverty-blanch hair indicated the homeless wanderer who is so well known to the people of this busy city."

There was a time when his step was as elastic and his head as high as any of that princely blood, the flower of Georgia's young aristocracy in the days of the old regime.

He frequented the fashionable watering places in summer, he was a welcome guest in the drawing rooms as the prodigal of the land when winter revelry was at its height, and he was as handsome as Apollo; his dress was fastidiously neat and of the latest style; his blood horses were the envy of hosts of his less fortunate fellows.

He wanted to know what they were going to do with him, they would say: "Come right in. You can have the cell next to his and go with him to Siberia to see what becomes of him."

A Wise Woman Will try and preserve her charms. She may lack classic outline of form, but she should use SOZODONT, and retain the beauty and usefulness of her teeth. A fine set of teeth is one of the highest charms. SOZODONT will do this work.

No cold so stubborn that it will not yield to Brewer's Lung Restorer.

CUTICURA.

CUTICURA MEDICATED TOILET SOAP.

Purest and Best of all Known Infantile Skin Soaps.

THE TALE OF A HORSE-SWAPPER. A Newnan Merchant Has a Singular Experience Which Did Not Pay Him.

NEWNAN, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—A very amusing incident occurred here at the usual monthly sale day. Those who are not permitted to mingle with the crowd that assembles at the various county seats on their regular sale day, can form no idea how entertaining these little gatherings are. For instance, on Monday night before the Tuesday, a large delegation of mule-traders and other horse-swappers from Heard, Carroll, Meriwether, came to town and put their old mules and broken-down horses in the various lots adjoining the city, while they lodge with their friends or take room at the hotel.

Morning, bright and early, they will be seen driving rapidly around the city behind a dashing steed hitched to a dog-cart, going at a 2:40 pace.

His FRIENDS IN DISGUISE will stand on the corners and brag on the fine qualities of the animal, and how easily he moves. They thus give the rustic and artless speculator, and finally the owner, who loads his Kentucky stepper at high figures. One of our young merchants, because he is thinking seriously of getting married, and as his prospective father-in-law the regards business sagaciously as one of the chief incentives to an alliance with him on that line, has of late entered into the mule trade as a kind of side issue in connection with his mercantile business.

Be leaving the farm for business pursuits of a more varied nature, he was a horse-swapper of no mean ability, and often entertains his friends with his early experience in that line.

Two months ago he gave one of the boys from Carroll

who had been previously fed highly on beladonna and other narcotics used in the treatment of a young colt in spring time, as soon as the effects of his medicine had died out he had to employ a veterinary surgeon to treat him, and hired a special man to look after him. He paid him a dollar a month to feed and water him, besides buying oats, hay and corn to keep him up. This time he decided to sell him at public sale, and told the auctioneer to boom the mule and he would give him five per cent of the sale. He made the same kind of a dicker with the clerk. Just at the time his doctored animal was pulled up on the public square where a thousand men had gathered to bid against each other, some friend of his called him into the store to settle a small account. The mule was offered by the officer in the meantime, but not a bid was offered.

OLD NEGRO STARTED HIM at seventy-five cents, and the bidding became spirited for a few moments, and was knocked off at one dollar and five cents. He held the boy that led him to the stand for sale ten cents, the clerk took a cigar for his commission and the auctioneer went off laughing with a bunch of bananas as his reward, while our young merchant says he is over the country in some of his trading mules with the boys from Carroll.

CARROLL'S BIG CROP. The Farmers Satisfied with the Result of the Year's Work.

CARROLLTON, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—Carroll county farmers have just finished gathering the best corn and cotton crops there for several years.

Mr. W. T. Ogilvie, a farmer living near this place, had a fine field of cotton that he has gathered thirty-five bales of cotton from, each bale weighing over 500 pounds.

Your correspondent has met several farmers of late who have gathered a bale of cotton per acre from their entire cotton crop.

Exhausted by their debt, and have more money than for several years past. It seems that we are to have better times ahead.

DR. W. J. TUCKER Treats Successfully All Chronic Diseases.

Deposited with the Lowry Banking Co., of Atlanta, Ga., which I will promptly pay to any one who will deliver any of the following statements:

This means just as it reads. The following persons are all reliable. I have hundreds of other statements similar to these in my possession.

Colonel Wash Roach, attorney-at-law, 132 Broughton street, Savannah, Ga., says that he has for five years suffered with severe stricture and ulceration of the rectum. After having tried many of the most eminent physicians in Georgia, and having traveled all over the country in search of health, I found no relief until I put myself under Dr. W. J. Tucker, and in the short space of three months I find myself nearly well.

Mrs. H. P. Stevens, an estimable lady of Waycross, Ga., says: Five years ago was given up to die by the best physicians of northeast Georgia, all of whom said I could not live but a few weeks. As the last resort I determined to try Dr. W. J. Tucker, of Atlanta, Ga. In less than three months the doctor had me restored to health. I am confident I would have died had it not been for his timely skill.

W. H. Phillips, Simsbury, Ia., says: I have suffered for ten years with liver disease and chronic diarrhoea, and after being treated by Dr. W. J. Tucker a very short time am almost entirely well.

Dr. Fred B. Palmer, Atlanta, Ga., one of the best known and most popular druggists of Georgia, and also himself a physician, suffered for many years with piles, cured by Dr. W. J. Tucker and remains perfectly well.

Mrs. J. F. Kinsey, Canak, Ga.: Spinal disease, nervous prostration, and diseases peculiar to her sex, confined to her bed, helpless for many months, treated by Dr. W. J. Tucker three or four years ago, and since that time has been able to attend to her household duties.

Mrs. J. H. Sims, Dawson, Ga., says: I have experienced the most remarkable benefit from Dr. W. J. Tucker's treatment, gained fifteen or twenty pounds in the last few months. I advise suffering ladies to give him a trial.

Hon. E. F. Egypt, Cairo, says he suffered for many years with a chronic malady, was cured by Dr. W. J. Tucker three years ago, and has since enjoyed opportunity to tell the afflicted of Dr. Tucker's skill.

The above statements are all true; I have seen and read them, and I have all who have dealings with me honestly and conscientiously. I am responsible for what I say and do professionally, financially and individually. If you are afflicted write to me or call on you shall have an honest opinion.

Treating Patients by Correspondence. It is rarely necessary for me to see my patients. Many patients can be better treated that way than by meeting the physician direct. Patients should give age, sex, married or single, present and former weight (as near as possible) and occupation. Follow this with history of case in your own language, giving all symptoms, including stamp for reply. Address:

W. J. TUCKER, M. D., Piedmont Medical Institute, 9 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga.

CUTICURA MEDICATED TOILET SOAP. Purest and Best of all Known Infantile Skin Soaps.

THE LOVELIEST, WHITEST, CLEANEST, SOFTEST SKIN, free from every blemish, is produced by this most elegant and effective of all skin purifiers and beautifiers. Absolutely pure, delicately perfumed, exquisitely effective, it is simply incomparable as an Infantile Skin Soap. May be used from the moment of birth, and is sure to prevent roughness, redness, and irritation, as well as serious diseases of the skin and scalp. Guaranteed of the highest purity by the Analytical Chemists of the State of Massachusetts. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other infantile soaps, both foreign and domestic. Sold throughout the civilized world.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 300 diseases of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood, with Loss of Hair, and 50 Remarkable Testimonials. Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, U. S. A.

Good morning "Paris Exposition, 1889." Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

MENIER CHOCOLATE. UNRIVALED. UNEQUALLED. PUREST IN THE WORLD. CONTAINS NO CHEMICALS OR ADULTERATIONS. Paris Exposition, 1889; 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS. Ask your Grocer for MENIER CHOCOLATE (YELLOW WRAPPER). For Sale Everywhere. BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. FOR SALE AT JACOBS' PHARMACY.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT. ELY'S CREAM BALM. 50c. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, NEW YORK.

SOUNDSTROM'S QUADRUPLE. Florida Flower. ATLANTA PERFUMERY CO.

PERFUMES, Handkerchief Extracts, Toilet Waters and Colognes. Are the Standard of Excellence and Perfection. The only Perfumes made from NATIVE FLOWERS. ATLANTA PERFUMERY CO., Sole Manufacturers, Laboratory and Office, ATLANTA, GA. Distillery and Manufactory, ISLAND GROVE, FLA. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS.

FAST BLACK STOCKINGS. F. P. Robinson Dye. "CLEANFAST" WHITE-HOUSE AGENTS WANTED. COOK-BOOK. 50c. 100c. 150c. 200c. 250c. 300c. 350c. 400c. 450c. 500c. 550c. 600c. 650c. 700c. 750c. 800c. 850c. 900c. 950c. 1000c.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FURNITURE, ETC.

Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.,

THE LARGEST STORE IN THE SOUTH THE MECCA OF TRADE.

THE PRICES ARE IN THE STORE,

Not in the Newspapers.

When we say that we are going to clear out certain lines of goods, we mean a clearance sale, full and complete to cover every article in our advertisement. Last Sunday we said we had brought up to the present time, on account of the warm weather, a number of articles, such as Furs, Ladies' Cloaks, heavy woolsens, and thousands of dollars in odd lots, short ends, etc., and during the past week we have had such a trade as our most sanguine hopes had not expected. Things moved right out, while the prices in many instances did not really cover manufacturers' cost, we got the money on that class of stuff which would have been sent to the auction house later if not sold. "WE DREAD AN AUCTION HOUSE," and yet we are determined to keep a clean and first class stock. To do this we must get rid of certain classes of goods some way. For instance, our Furs, Blankets, Robes, Eiderdown Quilts, heavy Flannels, Wools, etc., with thousands of yards in the very best imported Dress Goods of the season, in lengths from 3 to 9 yards. To keep them is suicide to price, as they will have to be sold as old goods next season. To hold the price up is to keep a large amount of them to be packed and carried over to be brought out next season and sold at what they would bring as old goods. Now,

OUR PLAN FOR THIS MONTH IS THIS.

NOTICE THE CLASS OF GOODS WE ARE GOING TO OFFER: Furs at prices, "for the quality we offer," never heard of in Atlanta, because we are determined to close all we have left. Ladies' Cloaks, heavy weight—not light weight, imported Woolen Suits in combinations, the most elegant and most favored styles, are cut to clear the lot. Misses' Jackets, Children's Cloaks, Plush Goods, Broadcloths, Flannels, etc., and all short lengths in Silks from 1 to 18 yards, in Wools up to 9 yards, in Linens to 3½ yards, in Ginghams up to 10 yards, in Carpets to 20 yards, in Hosiery, Gloves, Shoes, Underwear, etc., and all odd lots will go during our clearance sale at some price, if it is possible to sell such as we have thrown out from our regular stocks. WE HAVE MARKED THEM TO SELL.

OUR BOYS' SHIRT WAISTS.

We have never had such trade in these goods as last week, and still they seem NOT TO GROW BEAUTIFULLY LESS. The price is made and they are going for a song, considering the quality. The whole lot must and will be cleared out this month.

BEAUTIFUL, STYLISH, ELEGANT, NEW GOODS. Let us talk a moment of New Goods—we are receiving them every day. White Embroidered Suits. The most superbly magnificent imported goods of the century are now just opened and on our counters. Silks, the styles for the coming season, in black and colors, in immense quantities, bought before the price was put up as it is now.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND SLIPPERS!

We deal with the factories, and sell nothing but first-class goods. IN LADIES GOODS, BURT'S IS A SPECIALTY!

We have, however, the best medium-priced Shoe in the world, for Men, Ladies' and Misses', and any width can be had from our stock. Our Children's School Shoes are not only perfect, but far surpass anything offered in any market this side of Boston. In Slippers, we have the most complete stock in all the southern states. Slippers made to order to match color of dress at short notice.

IN ODDS AND ENDS IN SHOES.—Like the other departments, we are not only willing, but anxious and glad to sell at some price for this month. Gents' fine hand-sewed, worth \$7.50; to go at \$5. Don't forget that every foot can be fit, as we have all widths as well as lengths.

FURNITURE! CARPETS AND DRAPERIES.

These are clean Stocks. However, in the Carpets we have a few remnants left and some made Rugs. Don't forget to call for them, the prices will prove that they will go with the clearance sale. We honestly believe that we have the best stock of Furniture south of the Mason and Dixon line. We mean by best, that we have by far the largest and the only hard-wood stock in the south. We guarantee everything we sell and the wear will prove the guarantee. We have no trouble nor bickering with customers. We can't afford after twenty-six years to do business that way. We have no shoelees. No common cheap goods. But in this clearance sale we propose to put first-class goods in reach of any and all buyers.

For Instance Our Combination Suits.

The very best French and English goods worth from \$15 to \$40 per suit, will be priced during this clearance sale regardless of former prices and many regardless of cost. We not only desire, but are determined that these goods must go while they are in favor, they are now new and stylish, and now is the time if you want a genuine bargain in Dress Goods. This is an opportunity of a life time. Remember one thing in regard to these suits, they are new stylish and elegant goods, but are just of that class that cannot be carried over, or rather we are determined not to carry them over if the trade will take hold of them at 5 per cent less than their value.

For Furniture and Carpet, or for Dry Goods and Shoes, it will be to your interest to see and price with us. We deal with factories with cash and are disposed to sell such as we can't carry over at a price that will clear them out. See for yourself.

Chamberlin, Johnson & Co.

GEORGIA A CENTURY AGO.

Queer Facts and Fables from an Old Geography.

One hundred years ago the people of the outside world knew less about Georgia than they now know about Africa.

The first American Geography, published in Boston at the beginning of the present century, was intended to be a very matter-of-fact work. It has improved with age, and is now as readable as a novel, and fully as imaginative in some chapters.

According to the Boston book, the people of Georgia all fled from the colony during the revolution. Some returned to their homes at the end of the war, and a stream of immigration flowed in from New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. The country was then almost a wilderness, and the white settlements were widely scattered. There were only twenty-four counties. Savannah and Augusta were the leading towns, but they were closely pushed by Sumner, Ebenezer, Frederica and Petersburg. Brunswick and its fine harbor received high praise from this early geographer, but he cautiously qualified his tribute by saying "The town is laid out but not yet built."

At that time some few of Oglethorpe's original colonists were still living in the Commonwealth. Among them were Salzburghers, Highlanders who had beaten off the Spaniards, and Englishmen who had fought in many lands under many flags. These old men thought, one hundred years ago, that Georgia had made wonderful progress. They had seen the population increase from a small ship load to about 20,000 whites and 30,000 blacks. It seemed to these bold pioneers that they were in danger of being crowded for elbow room, and they began to think seriously of extending their settlements into middle Georgia and the northern part of the state. In the year of grace, 1790, the Georgians thought that the state was enjoying the blessings of civilization. They could reach New York and Boston in a month, or by very rapid transit in two weeks. They could get the news of Europe when it was three months old. What more could reasonable people want?

These old-timers were well satisfied with their government. They had abolished their parishes and substituted counties. No worthless, genteel loafer could slip into office. That had been carefully guarded against. No man could be governor unless he owned 500 acres of land or other property worth \$5,000. A state senator was required to own 300 acres of land or \$1,200 worth of property. A representative had to be worth 200 acres of land or \$750. The legislature had increased from one house to two houses. There was no supreme court, but the superior and inferior courts were amply sufficient. Things were formal and orderly in these days. A judge was a very big man, and when he walked abroad he held his head very high, and a sheriff or a tip-staff attended him as a body guard. The lawyers wore black gowns. Ministers were specially distinguished by being made ineligible to office.

In the closing decade of the last century, Georgia's material prosperity was at its high tide. The wealthy planters went in for indigo, tobacco, silk and rice. The poorer classes were planting cotton, and far-seeing economists predicted that the cotton crop of Georgia would some day reach 20,000 bales a year. Of course no lunatic among them ever looked forward to anything like 800,000 bales!

It is to be feared that even a century ago

there was a little sectional prejudice afloat. Our Boston writer deliberately expressed the opinion that the leading trait of the Georgians was their aversion to all kinds of labor, and he was right, for the people of their favorite amusement of cock-fighting and horse-racing. Another thing that struck him was the enormous quantity of liquor consumed by the dwellers along the coast, but he attributed this to the bad water in that locality. As for character, the geographer said that none could be expected of all sorts of people who had drifted in from everywhere.

One bright chapter in this remarkable book is devoted to Okefenokee swamp. The author took pains to get nothing but facts. The swamp was then known to be three hundred miles in circumference. It was a vast sea in wet weather, and the Lord knows what at other times. Reliable Indians told the story that in the interior of the swamp was a beautiful island occupied by a civilized settlement of nearly white Indians. Several wandering Creeks who had lost their way in the swamp once met a party of ravishingly beautiful women, who gave them food and sent them back home, saying that their husbands were very wicked and that they were not to be killed as strangers. For many years the young Creeks were crazy to capture the wonderful island with its unknown inhabitants, but the swamp was too deep and the water was always trembling in an earthquake way. Lakes turned into islands, and islands into lakes, and sulphurous smoke sometimes rose in clouds from fissures in the ground.

The geography accounted for the white race in Okefenokee by saying that they were probably the remnant of a superior race that had fled before the Creeks across the Mississippi and through Georgia until they reached this fairy island.

So much for this old book. It was authority in its time, but now it must take its place as a relic of the past. The few facts in it are now as strange as fiction. We may laugh, but how will it be with some of the histories and geographies of today, when they read a century hence? Time works wonders. WALLACE P. REED.

SIMON-PURE COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

In enforcing the New Law Shelbyville, Ill.

Officers send a Mother to Jail.

SHELBYVILLE, Ill., January 10.—The Shelbyville school board for some months have been using all ordinary means in its power to enforce the provisions of the compulsory education law. In cases where the parents of pupils were too poor to supply the necessary clothing, books, etc., these have been supplied, or, at least, offered without cost. In most cases this has had the desired effect, and the children have been sent to school. At first she claimed it was because of a lack of money to buy books and supplies. These were furnished. Then it was because of a lack of suitable clothing. This lack was supplied, and yet the boy did not make his appearance. All other means failing, the board at a meeting Friday night decided to resort to severe measures. Mrs. Axford was arrested and taken to jail for non-compliance with the law. She was sent to jail Monday the boy was admitted to school. The woman's last claim, and one that creates no little sympathy in her favor, is that she depends largely on the lad's earnings for support. There is some opposition to such a rigid enforcement of the law, but the board believes that the only way to make the law of any effect is to enforce it to the letter. It has already had a good effect on other recalcitrants.

The Stowaway.

This will be the grand sensation of the season. Some of the scenes are grand, like the \$5,000 yacht scene. Some are queer and novel, like the appearance on the stage of two famous reformed burglars of New York fame, "Spike" Hennessy and "Kid" McCoy, who, in full sight of the audience, will blow open a real safe with their pick tools, in true "scientific" realistic style. Bankers and money men will do well to go and study the modus operandi of these two "artists."

New Reviled City Map of Atlanta, nicely bound in cloth, 25c, by mail 30c. John M. Miller, 31 Marietta street.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

It was the prospect of a roving life and the desire to travel in strange lands that first induced me to try a sea-going life. It was the fear of being ridiculed that made me stick to salt water long after I was weary of the very sight of a ship. And it was a terrible occurrence which weighed me for many years with the oppressive feeling that I was responsible for the life of a fellow being which had made me change my manner of living and seek an occupation far in the interior of the country where the sound of the mighty waves breaking on the shore could never reach me and remind me of the horrible past.

I had been following the sea for some time, and was over twenty years old when I shipped in New York on the Black Raven as able seaman for a voyage to Shanghai and return. It was the first time I had been classed as an A. B., and I was consequently somewhat nervous, though I fully understood all the duties which would be required of me, and even something more, because, besides my seamanship I had a smattering of navigation, and when necessary I could take an observation and work it up as well as most of the officers.

Whether it was that something in my appearance annoyed the chief officer, or because he imagined that I was seeking a berth in the cabin and was anxious to become a mate, I never learned; but certain it was, that before we had been out a week he evinced a personal hatred for me, which kept on increasing until the fatal day, when, blinded by passion, I took the law in my own hands and in a moment did that which caused me unhappiness for many years.

The chief officer, Mr. Smart, and it was a favorite saying of his that he was smart by name and smart by nature. He was a thin, tall man, all muscle and sinew, and the exposure of many years had tanned his skin to a deep mahogany color which, with his long, grizzled beard and flowing hair gave him much the appearance of a typical pirate.

My place as an able seaman was on one of the lower yards when sail was either made or taken in. It seemed Mr. Smart's pleasure, however, to send me up on the royal yards whenever work was to be done there, and there was any place of peculiar danger during a storm he never failed to choose me for the service. Much of the dirty work, too, fell to my share, which by rights should have been done by the boys, and in fine weather I was generally to be found way up on one of the masts, with a slush bucket round my neck, greasing down.

Never but once did Mr. Smart go so far as to raise his hand to me, and that was one night when I was at the wheel. We were in the tropics, only a few degrees south of the equator, and the breeze was so light that not even the best helmsman could prevent the ships falling off a point or two. I was standing looking at the southern cross, which shone just ahead of us, when I suddenly became aware that Mr. Smart was standing at my side. He was looking at the stars, and his voice shook with anger, "Can't you keep her to her course?"

I saw that his fist was raised to strike, and like a flash I seized the handle of the watch-knife which never leaves a sailor's side.

For a moment we stood looking into each other's eyes, then he suddenly the captain's voice demanding the cause of the trouble startled us both, and the mate hastened to explain that I threatened him with my knife because he remonstrated with me for letting the ship fall off from her course.

I suppose the captain must have noticed the mate's hatred of me, and have surmised the true state of affairs, because, though he was a stern man, he said nothing to me, and the next day I was transferred to his watch and a big Greek was placed in the chief officer's stead. After that time I had no trouble until we

reached Shanghai and the final catastrophe came. It was the dead of winter, and one morning a sudden cold storm arose which made the water freeze as it fell upon the deck. The captain had gone ashore and the chief officer had full sway to work his will without let or hindrance. He had at last found a chance to have it out with me, and he lost no time in doing so. With brutal language, of which I took no notice, he ordered me aloft to do some unnecessary job in the freezing rigging. I had on my hands a pair of mittens to protect them from the cold, and I saw that he was watching me closely. When I had done what was ordered I started for the deck.

As my foot touched the planks Mr. Smart was there to meet me. He had in his hand a two-inch maul with an iron thimble let in at one end. Without turning, he raised his head and brought it down with all his force across my face. The iron ring struck the corner of my eye, nearly blinding me, and causing me to fall back against the bulkhead dazed and half stunned.

"That," he said, "will teach you to go aloft with mittens on your hands." He struck me again, but seeing the angry looks of the men, he desisted and went aft. In a moment I recovered and staggered to the main hatch, where I sat myself, waiting for the men to bring me some water with which to bathe my wound. While I was still wiping the blood from my face, Mr. Smart came toward me again, still carrying his strap, and the sight of me seemed to madden him.

When he was at my side, he again raised the strap and said, "Get up and go to work, you mutinous blaggard, or—"

He thought he were dead. The captain returned to the ship in half an hour, and when he learned what had taken place, he had me brought into the cabin and heavy irons were placed upon my arms. I was locked in a little store room, and all day I remained there, suffering agony from my blinded eye, and still more from the terrible feeling that I was a murderer.

At night when the steward brought me my supper he brought me also some comfort. He told me that he might make my escape, and gave me full directions. At ten o'clock that night I slipped from my irons, which had been left unlocked, and stole quietly to the deck, after having removed my handcuffs. I found a Chinese sampan fastened to the stern, and into it I quickly slid. The man appeared to have received his instructions, for he immediately took me to the side of an American ship which was hoisting her anchor, and when the sun rose next morning I was far away from Shanghai, bound for home.

That was my last voyage. I always thought the captain had ordered the steward to help me escape, but I was never certain of it until two years ago, when I met him on shore, and he told me that the mate had recovered from the wound I had given him, and that knowing it would not prove fatal, he had connived at my escape, to save me from the horrors of several months passed in a Chinese prison.

This Just Suits Florida Travelers. On and after Sunday, January 12th, "The West India Fast Mail" which now leaves Atlanta via the E. T. & A. and Ga. railway at 12 noon, will leave at 7 p. m., arrive at Macon 10 p. m. and Jacksonville following morning 7:20, making close and positive connections for all Florida points and Havana.

Southern Home Building and Loan Association, 21-23 E. Broad street. Call and get pamphlet giving full information.

(W. F. Parkhurst, Accountant and commercial examiner. Partnership and public officers, books and accounts checked up and settlements made individually and on basis of abatement. Also notary public. Office, 27½ Whitehall st.

A STRANGE CAREER.

The Story of a Veteran of Many Campaigns.

"Hello, old man. You look like a veteran." "Well, yes, I am somewhat of an old stager," answered a battered looking individual, with one eye gone, a long-lived scar on his wrinkled cheek, an empty sleeve and a wounded leg, as he scrambled into a corner at the stationhouse and took a seat.

"Where are you from?" "Young man, you had better ask from whence I got, for I've taken in all the big circuses and most of the side-shows of life." The police officer drew up a chair and put himself in an inquiring attitude.

"You want my story, eh? Well, I see how it is. You are young yet, and I am even older than I look, for I was born on the island of St. Helena, a long time ago."

"Ah, indeed, you have seen where Napoleon was imprisoned, then?" "I've seen Napoleon himself. I was ten years old when they brought him there a prisoner. My father was an Irish surgeon in one of the British regiments. Many's the day I've played marbles with Bonaparte. The only trouble was he would hit the middle man so often from afar, that there was not much fun, unless I made him knuckle down to it."

"Indeed?" "Oh, young fellow, I've seen life in my day. I joined the regiment as soon as I was old enough, and we rambled around a great deal. When the Crimean war broke out I was there and saw the famous charge of the Light Brigade. That is where I got this scar on my cheek. I thought they had me that day, and it came near giving me a taste against war, but I stuck to it, and the Indian mutiny. I was getting to be a veteran then, but I was one of the men who marched to the relief of Lucknow, and I heard the famous march, 'The Campbells are Coming,' on that day."

"That must have been a thrilling experience." "Oh, it was. I tell you what, it was enough to make a man's blood run cold to witness the scenes of atrocity committed in India. In that battle I lost my eye, by the bursting of a shell. That made me sick, and I left the service, and decided to emigrate to peaceful America."

"I came over in the ship that brought the eastern end of the Atlantic cable, and I landed in New York with mighty little cash. I tramped through the north for a year or two, and for the first time I fell in love."

"Ah?" "Yes, you may laugh if you like, but I was desperately in love. You know my previous life had been one of a soldier's vicissitudes, and I had had little time to indulge in tender sentiments. I loved that girl as man never loved before. True, she had passed the callow stage of salt and green plums, but she had developed into a beautiful and accomplished woman. But why elaborate? You have seen her picture a thousand times, for she has been a woman of world-wide fame afterwards."

"Would you mind giving her name?" "It was— heaven bless her memory— Lydia. Afterward she married a fellow named Pinkham. You know her as Lydia E. Pinkham."

"Oh, is that so?" "That is so. Many's the day I've spent grubbing roots and picking herbs for the manufacture of her salves and ointments, long before she became so famous."

"That is interesting, sure." "Well, to make a long story short, I became interested in the Dred Scott decision. She held views opposite to mine, and it wound up as such sad romances often do. With a heavy heart I joined a New York regiment at the breaking out of the war, and started on a new career of soldiering. I went through the war and at Gettysburg I faced Pickett's charge. There I was wounded in the left arm, and after a hard spell the doctors had to take it off."

"Then you left the service of course?" "Yes, by the time the wound was well cured the war was over. I was in Washington then, and was in the theater on the night that Booth shot President Lincoln. In some way they

mixed me up in the matter, because I had boarded in the same house, and I skipped out to Mexico just in time for the winding up of the Maximilian affair. "One day, in the streets of Mexico, a crowd of soldiers got into a brawl, and a stray shot, struck me in the head. You see this silver plate," pulling off his cap and pointing to a naked spot on his crown, "that was the result. They like to have got me that time."

"I had picked up a good many vices during my long career, and one of them was gambling. I loaded around in Mexico for some time, and finally raised a stake and decided to try the states again."

"While roaming around in the west, I got a position as watchman at a bridge on the Kansas Pacific road. One evening, Jesse James and his gang held up a train at the bridge, and because I showed fight, Jesse shot me in the leg, and I lost that."

"That was pretty rough?" "Yes, it laid me out. I had a fine education, in my youth, and finding myself so badly disabled, I brushed it up a little and started a weekly paper in a small town. I wrote short stories, now and then a poem of the dashing, offhand sort. By the way, I can give you another piece of information."

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THEY WRITE POETRY.

SOME OF THE LADY CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Made Andrews tells of the work and the personality of several well-known Atlanta writers.

Atlanta has every reason to be proud of the woman poets, and those who have admired their writings in THE CONSTITUTION, will doubtless be interested in a nearer view of their work and personality.

In touching the personality and genius of Orelia Key Bell, any appreciative critic of the writer would be delicate and chary. To take up her poetry for reviewing is like lifting before the eyes a delicate glass filled to the brim with crystal clear water. The glass is so fine and so overflowing with its sparkling contents that there is a feeling of trembling, lest one's hand should waver or be too rough.

The personality is equally delicate, equally exquisite. She is essentially an artist, a poetess. You would know her to be one in



MRS. LOLA MARSHALL DEAN.

stantly. About her there is nothing pronounced, nothing studied. She is above medium height, with clear, sensitive features, which are carried with smooth, unconscious grace. Her head is well poised, and her face is of that sensitive, refined caste which one likes to study and think of.

I don't know what it is which makes an artist's mouth different from all others, but this something—a tenderness, a sensitiveness—is strong in the delicate lips which part over exquisitely white teeth. The eyes are gray; the hair, which is worn in soft waves of the fine brown, is light. One would not have to read this young girl's verses to know she had a rare pure soul, and a mind as clear and bright as the stars to where her genius often soared.

Of herself, she says: "I have made a failure. I have accomplished nothing, as yet," and her words are said in all sincerity, for the true artist is never satisfied.

Like all successful people, Orelia Key Bell is an optimist. She started out in her career with this faith: "The world is just and good. I will give my talent to it, and if there is no response to my voice, why, that voice has failed to reach the heart of mankind." With this view, she persevered, writing what came to her, sending it to one publication, and, if it returned, sending it cheerfully to another.

It takes a great deal of hope to succeed as a poet, and she realized it.

The first verses were sent to THE CONSTITUTION and Mr. Grady at once recognized her talent. He said to her brother who had just returned from college with honors: "You will have to be very clever to keep up with your sister. She is a genius and I want to help her some way."

Mr. Grady was the first editor who gave her an order and paid for a poem. Her verses in THE CONSTITUTION were widely copied and most highly commended in other leading journals.

About two years ago she commenced contributing to a number of leading northern publications, and also to the Times-Democrat, the editor of which, Mr. Page Baker, gave her much praise and encouragement. A number of her sweetest poems were accepted by the Detroit Free Press, then Mr. Gilde, of the Century, accepted a poem and during these two years her magazines have published some dozen of her poems, a fact very flattering to a writer since the Century has so large a number of contributors.



MISS MINNIE QUINN.

Miss Quinn was a little girl, seven years old, when she was putting her thoughts into rhyme. At first she sang them to herself, as she rocked her doll babies to sleep. At eight years old she published her first poem in the Spartanburg Herald, and from the age of nine until twelve she contributed regularly to the Sunny South. At fourteen she published her first volume of verse, called "Under the Roses," and this volume brought to her a complimentary acknowledgment from Longfellow. The year she graduated at the high school she published "May Blossoms," which won her a wide and enviable reputation.

The year before her graduation, she won, over the graduating class, the medal for a poetical composition. Mr. Grady wrote the first complimentary review of her books, and Paul Hayne, during his life, was one of her staunchest admirers and friends. Through the help of his literary life, he wrote to her regularly, long, charming letters, full of helpful encouragement.

Of late, she says: "I was the greatest student and helper in my ambition, and now I miss most sadly the bright intercourse which so long existed between us."

In all of her work, Miss Quinn shows a bright, vivid imagination, and charming feeling. She is versatile in her talent, writing of love, of nature, of joy and sorrow with a fine conception of every subject she undertakes and a rhythmic smoothness and grace which betokens a thorough mastery of her art. Her earliest works bespeak the careful, clever student. In them cannot be found the bad rhythm, the jarring cadences and awkward words so often the attribute of youthful poetry. The verses flow easily, brightly as a silver streamer. Among her best she numbers the one given below:

MOONBEAMS.

The passing zephyrs with fragrant breath
The glowing tendrils of the clinging vine;
Pied are the clouds that formed the sun-set
And skies of purple where the day declines.

Slow steals the twilight o'er the tranquil scene,
And wraps the world in robes of shadowy gray,
Until the summer moon, with face serene,
Sheds o'er each sleeping flower a loving ray.

Moonbeams that kindle with flickering, silvery
The wondrous zone that men have called the
Earth, and with the gleam of moonlight
The peaceful picture of a changing scene,
Of joy or woe, of gaiety or mirth.

Moonbeams that fill us with a holy peace
Like perfect music speaking to the soul,
Of golden harmony that never shall cease,
And heavenly anthems that forever roll.

Moonbeams that gleam upon the brooklet's tide,
And turn to crystal all the dancing waves,
Moonbeams that fall o'er churchyards gleaming
And shine with mystic light upon the graves.

Miss Margie Key Bell is a young poetess, who through her verses in THE CONSTITUTION, has won much praise. Her personality is sweet, womanly and attractive. She has fair hair and complexion, blue eyes, a smooth firm face and a face full of gentleness and character. She has only been a contributor to the paper this year, yet her lines are full of feeling, smoothness and grace. She writes

poems of nature she is at her finest, and with her deeper feeling there is a winsome lightness and grace as airy as the delicate woodland grasses and flowers which her pen paints on her pages.

To her friend, Mrs. Livingston Mims, she has dedicated what she deems her finest work in the sonnets written recently. Into them she has thrown the trust and finest part of her personal emotion and the inspiration of the subject has given an added grace, and beauty. One of the most graceful and exquisite is the one given below, which is from the advance sheets of the Times-Democrat:

SONNET.

Since our souls cross'd, sweet soul, my soul hath
Well, it is a holy thing,
No was, no will be, but the great serene
It is—Light is love, love is light,
At the moment at thy side I knelt,
And when I arose and op'd mine eyes—twas
seen.

God's kingdom in this beautiful land terrace,
Not in one chosen spot, one narrow belt,
But o'er the whole of the earth, which is not sad,
Which is not sinful, is not woe-predom'd,
But the fire of love upward, consumed,
Into the sun's sun, upleapeth and is glad.

It is—Light is, Love is, Love is, and even
Now dwell we in the kingdom of His Heaven.

Another exquisite gem, and one which will soon appear in THE CONSTITUTION, is:

TO YOUTH.

Touch love with prayer,
It is a holy thing,
No dove with snowier wing
Fanned Eden air.

To mortal care
Heaven's whitest angel, Truth,
Entrusted it, O youth,
Touch love with prayer.

Among her poems one called "Mariposa" has in delicacy of conception, musical sweetness and spiritual, never been excelled. Miss Bell is growing in her work every day. She is a careful student of her art and a careful critic of herself, and everything she does leaves an impression vivid, clear and infinitely chaste.

Though Mrs. Mel Colquitt is better known as a writer of prose, her verses, contributed now and then to THE CONSTITUTION and many other leading papers and magazines, have always reached the truest hearts and highest intellects. Mrs. Colquitt is a magnetic woman and a magnetic writer. She is also a practical, direct writer, whose directness is made forcible and exquisite by the sympathetic tenderness of her nature. Whatever she does is sure to be strong and lovable. It is all the work of a lovable woman—she has that divine humanity which uplifts and i- one with the joys and sorrows of mortality.

About her, too, is a clear, critical, humorous vein, that with the finer one makes one laugh and try simultaneously like Sol Smith's "The Poor Relations." Of all her poetry the last lines in THE CONSTITUTION, her tribute to Henry Grady, was her gem of gems, than which none brighter have been set in the immortal crown of our great hero.

The photograph from which this cut was taken in no wise does justice to the lovely, fully pretty face of Miss Minnie Quinn, the young lady who has been known from her earliest girlhood as one of THE CONSTITUTION's most gifted poetic contributors.

If she had never written a line of verse or done anything else admirable, her looks would be enough to win over any lover of beauty to a



MISS MINNIE QUINN.

believe in her merits. Her style is peculiar. From beneath her finely arched, dark brows shines a large, luminous pair of clear gray eyes whose pupils are very dark and very black. Her hair is dark and wavy, her complexion dark and of that soft, creamy, downiness seen on a perfect peach. Her mouth, with its brilliant white teeth, is rather large, deliciously sweet, firm and expressive, and her eyes, around its corners and in the pretty cheeks, the most enchanting dimples. Her face is one that is a pleasure to the memory, so full it is of happy, youthful beauty.

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from a deep nature, full of tenderness and sympathy. The poetess considers her best is:

A PRAXION SCENE.

I thought my soul had slipped away,
And with a phantom guide
Had wandered where the broken graves
Were lying side by side.

A dim dark shadow hovered o'er
Those mounds of human woe,
Unearthly vagueness filled the air,
No sound above, below.

We wandered on, when lo! I paused,
With heart and soul a-scream,
There stood a rose on every grave
A burning, baleful gleam.

And horrid shapes of foul device
Were in that ghastly glare,
For seeds of sin in human hearts
Had grown and blossomed there.

Fantastic forms of every ray
Beckoned each maddened soul,
The bloom and fruit of every sin
Above the spectral glow.

The gleaming darts of blood red hue
That tinged the gleaming glare,
Had sprung from out the burning hearts
Of craven victims there.

I looked for graves of sainted dead,
To bloom with flowers fair,
The way had pointed to the gloom
Above the spectral glare.

I raised my eyes and looked above,
The spectral glare was there,
And only woe was down below,
Their blossom was in Heaven.

A holy lustre tinged the bloom,
A perfume filled the air,
And winds that wafted their dainty heads
Were songs of angels there.

I looked around, but with no sound,
The spectral glare was there,
And I was left, of hope bereft,
Deserted with the dead.

Mrs. Lola Marshall Dean has been for the last three years a contributor to THE CONSTITUTION.



MRS. LILLIAN STILES WEBSTER.

tion, and her verses are marked by deep intense human feeling, while her ideas are original, direct and well expressed. Her poems are mostly those of sentiment and human affection. They are home, heart poems that people love and remember, and her verses on love and sorrow are among her best work. She has a great deal of human sympathy and feeling in all she writes.

In person she is of medium height, rather slender, with a face clear and expressive. The complexion and hair are dark. The dark eyes by being deep set, beneath a fine brow, are made intensely expressive; her complexion is of that smooth, clear olive which always has a bright color to the cheeks.

Among her favorite short poems is "WITHER":

Going, going! Ah, life seems sweet
As it slips away from the feet,
And the path is dark where the feet must tread
Thro' the silent ways of the silent dead—
So it seems to me, when I think of you,
When the night is dark and the billows roar.
Going, going! Ah, blessed truth!
From the sins and the sorrows of youth;
Where the burdened shoulders may not grow old,
And the heart of the heart may not grow cold;
Where the restless throbs of the weak breast
Knows the perfect calm of a perfect rest.

Going to rest for a thousand years—
Then why, O soul! these regretful tears?
Going home! Ah, my dear friend!
Sure not in vain wert thou sacrificed;
Give me grace to ask and the faith to know
That thy hand shall lead me where I should go;
Or else so weak is the soul in faith,
So frail the heart, that I should not be dead,
That waiting here on the river's verge,
The waters mean like a spirit's dirge,
And I shrink back from the shifting sand
Without faith to wait the heavenly land.

Going, but not alone, O friend!
When a host of angels my steps attend;
Thou' not in the pathless night;
When the City is there, and the light;
But going to sleep, with the cool, sweet sod,
And wake at the foot of the Throne of God!

Though Mrs. Lillian Stiles Webster has been but a few months a contributor to THE CONSTITUTION, her poems, by their graceful fancy, their musical cadence and fine sentiment, have received marked and complimentary notice. Mr. Joel Chandler Harris deems her work among the best contributions to the paper's poetical department, and thinks her talent a rare and original one.

In appearance she is tall and slender, with dark, gray eyes, clear and expressive, and a dainty, gentle expression. Her favorite poem is:

LOVE.

If "fickle," shouldst thou call me so?
Do not, my love, do not, my love,
The clouds and sunshine in their play
First crossed your way.

When blind, we groped and sought the light
And ask, is there no end tonight?

Each soul hath an abiding place—
Each heart a home, and each lies
In its chosen place,
Survive how may, man can but fail
To lift, or draw aside the veil.

And, if I only came in dreams,
Should not my constancy disprove
Of love's true power?

Awake! Let nature's calm
And trustful thought may bring thee balm.

"Tis past! forever, didst thou say?
Spare thou one day;
For oft appearance doth impress
Unconsciousness
Till what is real we fail to grasp.
And wished-for joy elude our grasp.

If thou shouldst go, and I remain,
I will retain
A thought of thee, awake, asleep,
"Regret" will whisper constantly,
"Why did he doubt my loyalty?"

There are others whom I should mention—some who are unknown to me. One of these is Miss Elsie Beattie, who, some years ago, published a small volume called "Echoes," of which THE CONSTITUTION then said: "Miss Beattie has written a bright book of which she may be proud, and a pure book of which she may be prouder." Miss Beattie has had published in THE CONSTITUTION several of her poems, and two years ago wrote sketches from New England and Canada that were much enjoyed.

It is an interesting group, these women-writers who are striving for fame, and that their high ambitions will be fully realized all believe who have read their works.

MADE ANDREWS.

LINES IN A VOLUME OF CHILDE HAROLD.

Though heart and tongue have loved and sung
In many a distant land and time,
And troubled soul has made to roll
So oft those tides which lash the shoal
Of Fate, and break in noisome subside—

Though human art has swayed the heart
With many a passion stroke of power,
And with the gleam of love makes prevail,
Sweetest the sweet Aeolian strain,
Perfumed with breath of fruit and flower—

Still, he whose sweet outpourings greet
Thine eyes, dear being, from these lids,
From grief's abyss and heights of bliss
Alike has learned to build—and this
The greatest of his pyramids.

—CHARLES J. RAYNE.

SOME GRAVE STORIES

SHOWING THAT DEAD MEN DO TELL TALKS.

A Mulatto Murderer Revealed—An Atlanta Girl Brought Back to Life—A Cherokee Murderer's Confession.

The grave has always been a fruitful theme for imagination, yet the development of facts often exceed the creations of fiction. The thin veil which separates the living temple from the disembodied spirit is rarely lifted, but when a message comes from the other world, it commands attention which is given to no other subject. No matter what materialists may say, or how far we may think we are advanced from the standard of our ancestors, when an old woman, wrinkled and haggard, begins to tell of goblins and spooks, a cold chill runs over the most skeptical, and the fear exhibited shows that every man has his leaven of superstition, which he cannot readily shake off.

Points Out His Own Burial Place.

An old gentleman now in Atlanta, who was born in one of the oldest towns of South Carolina, carries around in his head a good stock of genuine American ghosts, for whose existence he fully vouches.

"I do not believe the adage," said he the other day, "that 'dead men tell no tales.' I have known them to tell tales, and to bring their murderers to justice. During the war of the revolution, shortly after the battle of Cowpens, one of Marion's men called at the inn next to my father's house, and asked for accommodation.

"I have no room for you," said the innkeeper, "but there is a cabin in the back lot which is empty. If you wish to occupy it you may do so."

"Any place will do," said the soldier, and he was led to the spot. It was a single-room cabin about twelve by eighteen, with a single bench in one corner. Throwing himself thereon, the soldier, whose name was McPherson, was soon sound asleep, and fell into dreams. He was startled by the clanking of chains, and a white figure entered the cabin. The face was that of his captain, who had started for Charleston the week before.

He held in his hand a razor.

"Do you want to be shaved?" he asked.

"Mechanically," McPherson sat up, and the spirit began the operation. When he had concluded, he said:

"Arise and follow me."

The figure moved out, and McPherson followed himself following involuntarily. Passing along the back street, and on into the thick virgin forest, through tangled undergrowth and into a secluded valley where naught but darkness reigned, the figure stopped.

"Under this log," came from the spirit, "you will find my body. The man who killed me was a mulatto. In two days he will be on the spot. He killed me, and he will be hanged."

With this the figure vanished, and McPherson awoke. He found himself in a strange spot, and it was daylight before he could find the inn again, where he told the story. Then he heard that his captain had actually occupied the same cabin one week before, and he had mysteriously disappeared, but as times again the clanking of chains was paid to the matter. The mulatto spoken of was a barber, and had not been seen since. A party went to the spot indicated by the spirit, led by McPherson, and there the body of the captain was found. The whole community was at once thrown into an uproar, and was instituted for the negro. So strong was McPherson's belief in the dream that he resolved to follow it out by pursuing the murderer to Charleston. It was now three in the afternoon, and the English sailing vessel left at ten next day. Upon that vessel he was certain that the negro would take passage. Only the greatest speed of the night travel could take McPherson to the port. Securing the fastest horse in the neighborhood, he started off, and with spurs in the animal's flanks he made time which rivalled that of Paul Revere. Through the almost interminable stretches of wilderness he occasionally caught in the advance of the night, only to be out of sight again as the clatter of his horse's hoofs awakened the sleeping inhabitants. Alarm was spread all the way, as the midnight traveller was supposed to bring bad news from the front, perhaps of the entire destruction of the patriot troops. In Charleston, and down to the water front he rode, just in time to see the gangplank drawn in before the ship moved. A plunge into the water by one aboard, a desperate effort to save him, the finding of the body a few minutes later, and McPherson saw before him the face of the murderer of his captain. When the negro saw the coming horseman he knew that he was pursued, and preferred death to capture.

Burying People Alive.

"Do you believe that live people have ever been buried?" Frank Billey, the undertaker, was asked.

"There is no doubt of it," he answered. "There are many cases of suspended animation, and it sometimes requires the greatest skill to know how to tell when death really comes. Do you see that lady on the other side of the street?" he asked. "Well, I once had her on the cooling board for burial. Instead of being buried, however, she was brought to, and has since married, and is now the mother of three children."

Here, then, was a story where truth evidently lifted fiction in the shade.

It was about ten years ago that a poor woman living on Pine street went into Mr. Billey's office.

"My poor daughter is dead," said she, "and I want you to bury her."

Within half an hour Mr. Billey was there. Upon the cot laid the body of the dead girl. She was apparently about fifteen years of age. Her eyes had been closed by the hand of affection and upon her face was the settled composure of death. Half a dozen neighboring women were sitting around the room crying. As tenderly as possible Mr. Billey directed the necessary work, and placing his hand under the shoulder of the corpse to assist in moving it, thought he detected some sign of animation. Laying the body down again, he pulled back one of the eyelids. The eye reflected back his face.

The back door of the house was open and through it the undertaker saw the colored wash-woman at work.

"Bring in that hot water at once," he said. It was brought in, a package of mustard was broken into it, and the women began a vigorous rubbing of the girl's limbs.

At last her skin began to show responsive action, the lips moved, and the nerves began to twitch. In a little while animation was fully restored, but the girl could not speak a word until next day. Then she spoke to Mr. Billey.

"I know all that was going on, but could neither move nor speak a word," I heard them say I was dead. I saw mother weeping over me, and heard them talking about where and when I should be buried. Oh, the horror of my situation I cannot describe. The time seemed like eternity. I tried to move; my heart came up into my mouth, but not a move could I make—not a word could I speak. I saw mother when she closed my eyes. I felt her kiss on my lips. Then I heard your footsteps. I knew what you were doing. When you opened my eyelids I saw you, but you seemed to be a long way off. It was like seeing some one in the dusk as far as he could be seen. Horrible as were my feelings when I heard you preparing to bury me, it was not equal to the relief I felt when I

heard you say, after opening my eyelids, 'I do not believe that this girl is dead.'"

Two years later this girl stood up as a fair bride in one of the leading churches of the city, and she now looks as if she might reach a green old age.

Tells His Own Crime.

Passing from this narrow escape from death by being buried alive, a story told in Cherokee county makes a dead man disclose a murder committed by himself while in life. The story goes that a Scotch trader pushed his way up into the heart of the Cherokee country far in advance of other white incursions. He took to wife a squaw of the tribe, and by her had two sons. He was shrewd in business, and when in years after other white men began to come, he made use of his kinship with the whites and his acquaintance with the Indians to turn both to account. On his death he willed all he had to his two sons, with the proviso that neither one should marry against the wishes of the other. The elder brother was hardy, grasping and tactful, while the younger was softer-hearted and impressionable. As a consequence, it was not long before the latter wanted to marry.

"All right," said his elder brother, "but I want you to go on a trip with me to Savannah first."

The proposed trip was made known, and a few days later, when the house was seen closed up, no attention was paid to it. A week later the elder brother alone returned. He stated that they had gotten into a fight with some Indians, in which the younger had been killed. From that time on the elder brother, whose name was Tom, grew more morose, and kept within his house. His aversion to visitors was so great that soon he had none, and even when he did walk out, people would pass a long way around him. In this way ten years passed, when Tom got desperately ill and died. The kind-hearted frontiersmen gathered around the dead man's bed and were talking about his life. While one of the party was recalling the trip of the brothers to Savannah, suddenly the form of an Indian, fully armed, stood on the threshold. Motionless and like a statue, with not a feature stirring!

"It was the dead man who spoke. There he sat erect, with eyes fixed upon the figure, and with his index finger pointing to the door of an inner room.

The figure of the Indian disappeared in that direction, and the corpse fell back into its position, and dead silence reigned for fully ten minutes. At last the speaker who had been interrupted, said:

"Let us examine that room."

The door was opened, and the Indian was gone. Not a sign was to be seen. The floor disclosed nothing suspicious. Then an examination of the walls was begun. A rough place was found, which indicated that once the boards had been torn off. An ax was secured, and the board was prized from its place, when tumbling out after it came the skull and frame of a human being!

At last the mystery was solved. The theory arrived at was that as this was the room in which the younger brother had slept, it was the one in which he had been killed, and that Tom had hired the Indian to do the bloody work, and that the scene which the watchers had just witnessed was but a repetition of the one in which the young man had lost his life.

The Coffin Dance.

That all is not grave in an undertaker's warehouse, is proven by a recent experience of Mr. Charley Swift, of this city. The stock of coffins, to be complete, must be of all sizes—for fat people, tall people, short people, and children in various stages of infancy. Mr. Swift had been busy all day superintending some orders, and until midnight was busy arranging his new stock of coffins. Worn out with work, he fell into the tall man's coffin and was soon asleep. The funeral dirge lulled his ears, only to be succeeded by a band breaking into the solemnity with a dead march of more lively strain than usual. Suddenly the coffin seemed to take spide legs, and arranged itself for an old-fashioned Virginia reel. The fat coffin waddled into the middle of the floor, while a casket which would fit some fragile maiden took its place on the right. In a few minutes there was a gay whirl, in which the baby coffins danced around between the legs which moved the larger ones. When the dance was at its height, the fat coffin led the march out on to the sidewalk. They went out in perfect order according to size, and Mr. Swift awoke just as the elegant little cream-colored infant casket passed out of doors. He was standing up with his arm around the coffin in which he had been asleep, waiting around as gaily as in the days when he was the best man at every dance in the city.

The Invalid's Hope.

Many seemingly incurable cases of blood poison, catarrh, scrofula and rheumatism have been cured by B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), made by the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Write to them for book filled with convincing proof.

G. W. B. Roeder, living seven miles from Athens, Ga., writes: "For several years I suffered with running ulcers, which doctors treated and pronounced incurable. A single bottle of B. B. B. did me more good than all the doctors. I kept on using it and every nerve healed."

D. C. Kinard & Son, Towaliga, Ga., writes: "We induced a neighbor to try B. B. B. for catarrh, which he thought incurable, as it had resisted all treatment. It delighted him, and continuing its use he was cured sound and well."

R. M. Lawson, East Point, Ga., writes: "My wife had scrofula fifteen years. She kept growing worse. She lost her hair and her skin broke out fearfully. Debility, emaciation and no appetite followed. After physicians and numerous advertised medicines failed, I tried B. B. B., and my recovery was rapid and complete."

Oliver Secor, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I suffered from weak back and rheumatism. B. B. B. has proven to be the only medicine that gave me relief."

This Just Suits Florida Travelers.

On and after Sunday, January 12th, "The West India East Mail" which now leaves Atlanta via the E. T. & Y. and Ga. railway at 12 noon, will leave at 7 p. m., arrive at Macon 10 p. m., and Jacksonville following morning at 7:20, making close and positive connections for all Florida points and Havana.

Since Mr. M. L. Harnett has taken the management of the Marshall house, Savannah, Georgia, the increase in business has been so marked that it is called the Marshall house, well for the popularity of Mr. Harnett.—The Boston Home Journal.

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following list of prizes:

CERTIFICATE.—I hereby certify that the Bank of London and Mexico has on deposit the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Lottery de la Beneficencia Publica.

Further, the company is required to distribute fifty-six per cent of the value of all the tickets sold in a larger proportion than is given by any other lottery.

Finally, the number of tickets is limited to 50,000, 50,000 tickets are sold by other lotteries under the same scheme, only 50,000 are sold.

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The Coffin Dance.

WALKER AND McPHERSON

TWO GREAT SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE FIGHT ABOUT ATLANTA.

Walker shot from his horse at the head of his troops—McPherison killed, refusing to surrender.

Two of the knightliest soldiers that ever drew breath—one a confederate and the other a federal—were killed on the same day and within an hour in the fighting about Atlanta. The one in gray was General William H. T. Walker.

The soldier in blue was General James B. McPherison.

Both of them died like the soldiers they were—Walker at the front leading his men, and McPherison defiantly refusing to surrender.

General Walker was a Georgian, a graduate of West Point in the class of '37. He was, at this time, twenty-one years of age. He was immediately assigned to active duty in the Florida war, and fought with distinction. He was wounded three times at Oklawaha, and brevetted first lieutenant. In '38 he resigned. In '40 he was reappointed, with the rank of first lieutenant, and served in the Florida war from '40 to '42. His promotion as captain came in '45.

He fought all through the Mexican war. He was brevetted for gallantry at Contreras, Chihuahua, and Molino del Rey. In the last named battle he was again severely wounded. At Chapultepec it was Walker who led, in person, "the forlorn hope," and led on to victory where defeat seemed inevitable.

After the Mexican war he held several important army positions, and from '54 to '56 was commandant of cadets and instructor in military tactics at West Point. In '55 he was made major, and served for two or three years on the frontier. He resigned in '60, and in '61 he entered the confederate army.

McPherison was born in Ohio in '28, and like Walker, was a graduate of West Point, leaving there in '53. In his class were General Phil Sheridan, General John M. Schofield, and the confederate general in command when Atlanta fell—General John B. Hood.

He saw no active service until the civil war came, and by his own request was then moved from California to a position in the army in the field.

McPherison's Death.



GENERAL McPHERISON.

McPherison was killed July 22, 1864. The spot where he fell from his horse, and died, is marked now by a monument about two and a half miles southeast of the city. A granite pedestal with the word "McPherison" inscribed, and a heavy piece of ordnance. The monument, which was erected by the United States government, is inscribed by palms composed of musket barrels.



It stands in the thick of a native forest. The great pine trees around it, at distances of ten to twenty-five feet from the ground, show marks of shell and shot. They were saplings in 1864 and the marks were much nearer the ground.

He was riding with an orderly through the thicket and came unexpectedly upon a regiment of Texans. He was almost surrounded before he knew it.

"Surrender! Surrender!" was the order. He turned his horse's head quickly, and raising himself in the stirrups waved his hat in defiance.

"Don't let him get out," shouted a confederate officer, and a volley was fired. McPherison reeled and fell.

The orderly was wounded and captured. McPherison's horse was wounded, but made off towards the federal lines.

McPherison was placed in a reclining position at the base of a tall pine. Within ten minutes the Texans had fallen back, and McPherison's body was left in the hands of the federals.

The regiment of Texans was commanded by Colonel Roger G. Mills, now member of congress.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ACCOUNT. This account, taken with the facts given above, is perhaps the best that could be given of McPherison's ride to his death. It is taken from General Sherman's "Memoirs."

McPherison and his staff rode up. We went back to the Howard house, a double frame building, with a porch, and sat on the steps, discussing the chances of battle, and of Hood's general character. McPherison had also been of the same class at West Point with Hood, Schofield and Sheridan. We agreed that we ought to be universally cautious and prepared at all times for sallies and for hard fighting, because Hood, though not deemed much of a scholar or of great mental capacity, was undoubtedly a brave, determined and rash man; and the change of commanders at that particular crisis argued the displeasure of the confederate government with the cautious, but prudent conduct of General Joe. Johnston.

McPherison was in excellent spirits, well pleased at the progress of events so far, and had come over purposely to see me about the order I had given him to break up the railroad.

While we were sitting there we could hear lively skirmishing going on near us (down about the distillery), and occasionally round shot from twelve or twenty-four pound guns came through the trees in reply to those of Schofield, and we could hear similar sounds all along down the lines of Thomas to our right, and his own to the left. I asked him what it meant. We took my pocket compass (which I always carried) and by noting the direction of the sound we became satisfied that the firing was too far to our left to be explained by known facts, and he hastily called for his horse, his staff and his orderlies.

McPherison was then in his prime (about thirty-four years old) over six feet high, and a very handsome man in every way, was universally liked, and had many noble qualities. He had on his boots under his pantaloons.

He had on his major-general's uniform, and wore a sword belt, but no sword. He hastily gathered his papers (save one, which I now possess) into a pocket-book, put it in his breast pocket, and jumped on his horse, saying he would hurry down his line and send me back word what these sounds meant. His adjutant-general, Clark, Inspector-General Strong, and his

aides, Captains Steele and Gile, were with him.

I was walking up and down the porch of the Howard house, listening, when one of McPherison's staff, with his horse covered with sweat, dashed up to the porch and reported that General McPherison was either "killed or a prisoner."

He explained that when they had left me a few minutes before, they had ridden rapidly across to the railroad, the sounds of battle increasing as they neared the position occupied by General Gile's division, and that McPherison had sent first one, then another of his staff to bring some of the reserve brigades of the Fifteenth corps over to the exposed left flank, that he had reached the head of Dodge's corps, and had ordered it to hurry forward to the same point; that then, almost, if not entirely, alone, he had followed this road leading across the wooded valley behind the Seventeenth corps, and had disappeared in these woods, doubtless with a sense of absolute security.

The sound of musketry was then heard, and McPherison's horse came back, bleeding.

WOUNDED AND RIDELESS. Within an hour an ambulance came in (attended by Colonel Stark and Strong, and Captains Steele and Gile) bearing McPherison's body. I had it carried inside of the Howard house, and on a door wrenched from its hinges. Dr. Hewitt, of the army, was there, and I asked him to examine the wound. He opened the coat and shirt, saw where the ball had entered and where it came out, or rather lodged under the skin, and he reported that McPherison must have died a few seconds after being hit; that the ball had passed upward across his body and lodged near the heart. He was dressed just as he left me, with gauntlets and boots on, but his pocket book was gone. On further inquiry I learned that his body must have been in the possession of the enemy some minutes, during which time it was rifled of the pocket book, and I was much concerned.

The letter I had written him that morning should have fallen into the hands of some one who could read and understand the meaning. Fortunately, the spot in the woods where McPherison was shot was regained by our troops in a few minutes, and the pocketbook found in the haversack of a prisoner of war captured at the time and found its contents were secured by one of McPherison's staff.

While we were examining the body inside the house, the battle was progressing outside, and many shots struck the building which I feared would take fire; so I ordered Captains Steele and Gile to carry the body to Marietta. They reached that place the same night, and, on application, I ordered his personal staff to go on and escort the body to his home in Clyde, Ohio, where it was received with great honor, and it is now buried in a small cemetery, close by his mother's house, which cemetery is composed in part of the family orchard, in which he used to play when a boy.

General Walker's Death.

The confederate general, very unlike McPherison, was unusually thin and spare, and none over the medium height. He could hardly be called a handsome man, but his bearing was erect and soldierly. His hair was Auburn-colored, and his beard was even a more pronounced red. It was long and, with the mustache, almost covered his face.

His eyes were grayish blue, and full of restlessness and sparkle. His general appearance, notwithstanding his remarkable leanness, was commanding. His coat was buttoned always from top to bottom, and fit him closely. He wore high boots, with heavy spurs.

In the three years that I was a member of his staff," said Dr. T. H. Kenan, a few days ago, "I never saw a button of his coat loose, and I never saw his trousers rolled over his boots."

Walker was, said Major M. C. Kiser, "the proudest man and the bravest that I ever saw. He was an ideal soldier in appearance, and he never knew what fear was."

He always wore gauntlets, and wore a black felt cocked hat, three-cornered.

His sword was rather large and heavy, and he always carried it, unlike many officers who wore nothing but the sword belt.

General Walker had more scars upon his body than any officer in the army, and some of his escapes from death had been so miraculous that it had passed into a proverb that he could not be killed.

Only a few days before he was killed, in conversation with Major Kiser and a number of staff officers, just beyond where the club house now stands in the Piedmont exposition grounds, General Walker said:

"If they would let me pick out 1,000 men and arm them with bayonets, and drill them twenty-four hours, I could run every yankee here across Peachtree creek inside of twenty-four hours more."

"With nothing but bayonets?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," he said quickly and emphatically, "with empty guns. I believe in this fighting at close quarters, and I believe in the bayonet."

"Why," was the comment of another officer.

"You'd all be killed before you got in hearing distance of the yankees." "Never. The bullet isn't moulded that can kill me. They've tried that too often."

Colonel Geo. A. Smith, another man like Walker himself, interrupted:

"I want to go with you, general, if you get a chance to try the bayonets."

I knew you would," was the answer.

General Walker was killed July 22, about half a mile from where McPherison fell, and nearer Daktar.

A story never printed before, and known to but very few, is vouched for by a most reliable authority—now living in Atlanta—and is to this effect:

On the morning of the day he was killed there was a dispute between General Walker and General Hardee about an order.

Walker's troops were already moving, and after a few sharp words with Hardee, Walker turned abruptly and galloped away.

Soon afterwards General Walker met States Rights Gists and told him to carry a challenge at once to General Hardee. General Walker was desperately aroused, and anxious to meet General Hardee as early as it could possibly be arranged.

AT THE MILL POND. The fight was at its thickest about 12 o'clock. General Walker was everywhere, rallying his men. He was always reckless of exposure, but now was unusually so.

He was entreated to be more careful, but paid no attention. He was singled out, being a prominent figure on horseback, and came near being hit several times, but rode on unscathed.

All his regular staff had left to carry his orders, and only two attendants were still with him. These were two members of Walker's courier company (the cavalry company from Mason, commanded by Captain Holt), specially detailed as couriers. One of them was the Hon. Mr. Collier, a member of the last legislature.

The confederate lines in moving forward came upon a mill pond, and the line was necessarily broken until this was passed. Before the displaced companies could regain their position in the line, the federal front was not more than one hundred yards away.

The wavering was in Bates's command, leaving Cleburne's command to fight against so great an advance, with a gap between Walker's right and Bates's left. Walker's quick glance saw this and the danger.

He spurred his horse straight towards the gap. "Steady, boys!" he shouted. "Now we're in them!"

A yell went up as the familiar form dashed in.

Walker's body was erect, his eyes blazing with the madness of battle, his hair flowing, and his hat swung aloft in his hand.

"Follow me!" he shouted. A volley from the line in front—his horse plunged madly and Walker threw his left hand over his eyes and fell—dead.

He was about ten feet in front of the line, and the effect of the scene was wonderful. His men swept on in a resolute, solid front, and half a dozen only stopped where he fell.

Lieutenant Joe and Lieutenant Clay Habersham, two brothers, were killed within a few feet of him by the same volley, and a number near General Walker were killed or wounded. Seventeen bullets had struck General Walker.

WALKER'S BRIGADE. When Walker was sent to the relief of Vicksburg he was allowed by Beauregard to select one of his best fighting commands in the army, and did some famous work, succeeding finally in checking Grant's advance after Vicksburg fell. Until the battle of Kenesaw mountain Walker was brigadier-general, but for his gallantry there received, upon Cleburne's strong recommendation, his last promotion, becoming a major-general.

He was killed by the Fifteenth army corps. His body was carried to Augusta, his old home, and buried there with military honors. He was the idol of his men, a gentleman with out reproach, a soldier without fear.

THE NEW MAYOR.

Athens Boasts of One Who Is Laid and Progressive.

ATHENS, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—Athens claims one of the most progressive mayors in the state, and under his administration will make great strides to progress.

Edward T. Brown was born in Gainesville, Ga., January 7, 1859. There he went to school during his boyhood, and then went to Davidson college, in North Carolina, taking an elective course of study. He studied law for a while under Colonel J. S. Langston, of Gainesville, and finished his law studies in 1879 under Judge H. K. McKay, in Atlanta.

He was admitted to the bar in 1879, and came at once to Athens, where he settled in the practice of his chosen profession. With characteristic

ENERGY AND PROGRESSIVENESS he came to the front rapidly, and was soon recognized as one of the ablest young attorneys at the bar. In recognition of his worth, he was elected solicitor-general of the western circuit, over Judge A. L. Mitchell, in the fall of 1884. In this office he served most efficiently for four years. In July, 1887, Colonel Brown was married to Miss Maymie Mitchell, of Norwalk, O., a most beautiful and accomplished lady.

A month ago, after a heated campaign, he was chosen mayor of Athens, over Judge Hummel and Judge A. L. Mitchell. In a short address made to a number of citizens just before the last election, he said, in substance, that he was a native son of Athens, and that he was a very characteristic utterance of which was a command for croakers and old fogies to march to the rear in our growth in city. And that order was being carried out. On New Year's day Colonel Brown took his seat as mayor and addressed the council with words of

Already he has started out on a line of improvement and advancement, and ere his two years' term of office shall have expired great and good works will be accomplished. The present mayor and council will have several questions of importance to be before them, and in the settlement of these questions a great deal of benefit or injury may result. The street paving question, the question of sewerage—these demand attention.

Colonel Brown is a very public spirited man. He has labored hard in many an enterprise here. The late fair must attribute much of its success to his efforts. The hotel which is to be built here is in a great measure due to his work, and other schemes which need not be mentioned.

Athens is proud of her mayor, and in the onward march of progress expects much from him. And she will not be disappointed.

BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS.

Athens Is Being Served by the Music of the Law and Hammer.

ATHENS, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—If buildings are any sign of a city's prosperity, then the large number of new ones being erected here, evidence the fact that Athens is on a boom. Never in the history of our city has such a large amount of building been going on as in the last month or two, and still the cry is for more homes, more stores, more warehouses. The rapid influx of population has rendered it necessary to build a great number of modest cottages and convenient homes. All around the suburbs of the city are scattered these new houses, and all are occupied. A large number of our citizens have built elegant homes in the past year, among whom might be mentioned: Messrs. C. D. Finney, Geo. T. Hodges, E. R. Brumby, Philip Stern, A. S. Erwin, W. D. Griffith, and others.

There are now in process of construction or under contract many elegant homes. Mr. A. E. Griffith will build on Milledge avenue, next to Dr. Lipscomb's, and Mr. Jas. S. Hamilton, Jr., will build next to Mr. Aleck Bishop's.

Mr. Walter Childs has erected a handsome cottage on Barber street.

Captain J. W. Hinton will build an elegant suburban residence near Rock college.

Again the demand for stores has been very great, and the new Bishop building has just been finished at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Banner building is being rapidly completed, and will be one of the handsomest houses in town.

The Young Men's Christian association building will furnish two more excellent stores.

Colonel E. T. Brown will erect a three-story building on his lot next to the opera house.

The new mayor and council have determined to keep all cotton off the streets, and this will necessitate the building of more warehouses. This will undoubtedly be done at an early date.

Besides all these buildings our city has within its limits a new grist mill, an enlarged compass, an electric light plant and various other buildings of usefulness.

New Guide to Atlanta with new revised map, handsomely bound in cloth, only one dollar by mail. For sale by John H. Miller, 31 Marietta street.

DR. A. OWEN'S ELECTRIC BELT

Patented August 19, '87. Improved July 30, 1889.

GENTS' No. 4 BELT. WITH SPINAL APPLIANCE ATTACHER.

LADIES' No. 4 BELT. WITH SPINAL APPLIANCE ATTACHER.

No. 4 Gent's Belt. No. 4 Ladies' Belt.

Dr. Owen's Electric Belt and Suspensory will cure a nervous character—Epilepsy, Spinal Diseases, St. Vitus's Dance, Lumbago, General and Nervous Debility, Trembling, Fainting of the face, caused from indigestion in Youth or Married Life, Nervous Prostration, Personal Weakness, Female Complaints, in fact all nervous diseases pertaining to Male or Female. To produce a belt that will compare with it. The current is under the control of the patient or strong to suit any complaint; this cannot be done with any other belt.

The Suspensory for weakness of men is connected directly to the Battery, the disks are so adjusted that by means of our appliances the Electric Current is sent to the Body. This is the latest and greatest improvement ever made in applying Electricity to the Body. This Electric-Galvanic Body Belt has just been patented. Every buyer of Galvanic Belts should look for the name of Dr. Owen on the label, which contains Two Batteries and Twenty Galvanic Cells, with 200 degrees of strength, has a Positive and Negative current, and the current can be reversed.

The Owen Belt is not a Chain, Wire or Metallic Belt, or a Pad, of any description. It will cure all complaints Curable by Electricity or a Galvanic Battery. The Electric current, can be tested by any one before it is applied to the body, and is worn only from six to ten hours a day. After examining this belt you will buy no other, as it is light and easily worn and superior to all others now offered for sale. To show the Entire Confidence we have in our Electric-Galvanic Belt and Appliances, we will send our Full Power No. 4 Belt complete to responsible parties on thirty days' trial, and if it does not cure you we will return it to us. Physicians endorse the Owen Belt as the best, and so, postage for our free literature pamphlet of 24 pages written by a physician of over 40 years experience, which will be sent you in a plain sealed envelope, giving instructions how to treat yourself with electricity without the aid of a physician or the use of medicine. Send for a pair of Dr. Owen's Electric Insoles, Price \$1.00, which will cure you of Gout, Chills, Cramps in Feet or Legs, or Cold Feet. It will not waste your money on belts patented years ago. We have private consultation rooms for ladies as well as gents, and all who call or write us can rest assured that they will receive an honest opinion, and if the belt is not adapted to their case they will be so advised. Open at all times. Consultation at office, or by mail free. For information how to obtain trial belt see 24-page pamphlet.

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826 Broadway, New York City

PINE LUMBER!

PERKINS MANUFACTURING CO.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE

MANUFACTURERS OF

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FAMOUS YELLOW PINE LUMBER



Best Facilities for Drying and Sawing. Planing Mills Fitted Up With Latest Machinery.

Our facilities for promptly and satisfactorily filling orders for dressed and undressed Lumber, and every article needed in building, give us an advantage over all competition. Doors, Sash, Blinds, Stairs, Newels, Brackets, Balustrades, Mouldings, Flooring, Builders' Hardware. Make no contracts for any building material until you have obtained our estimates and prices, which we cheerfully furnish upon application. We employ skilled workmen in every department and use only best material. Send for catalogue and price list for any kind of lumber or other material in that line if you contemplate building. Factory, Augusta, Ga. Saw, Shingle and Planing Mills, on line of Central R. R. of Ga., from which point shipments can be made direct.

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HERE IT IS! Plain and Ornamental Gas Fixtures

—SURE CURE FOR— In Brass, Ormolu, Silver, Bronze and Wrought Iron:

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—THE VERY BEST— In our show-room at prices that cannot be beaten. A full line of

COUGH MEDICINE. Hard Wood Mantels

HUNNICUTT'S THROAT and LUNG CURE In Birch, Oak, Cherry, Ash, Walnut, Mahogany, Sycamore and Bird's Eye Maple. We carry an assortment of

— OF — Mullein, Tar, Wild Cherry and Honey.

—CURES— Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases.

TO STAY CURED. Remember it contains neither opiate nor minerals of any kind. One dollar per bottle. Six dollars for \$5.00. For sale by all druggists.

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HIS GREAT WORK UNFINISHED. H. W. Grady, December 28, 1889. (Reproduced from "Judge.")

GRADY.

From Judge.

The death of Henry W. Grady, dropping out of his unfiled place in the ranks and carried to the rear, in the morning of life and before his years had reached the meridian, is the more sad because the south looked on him, and up to him, as its champion, and the north regarded him as something of a political deliverer.

It may be that the glory that surrounded his oratory gave a halo wider than the man. It may be that the cold test of specific work would have stripped the tossing and affluent blossom from the stem of endeavor and left bare the skeleton limbs of disappointment. Yet it is pleasant to believe he had not reached his growth, and that he could have filled his purpose; that a promise of lofty and kindly plans would have been reached had death been more laggard or been pushed aside.

We whose feet press the winter's snows; we whose breath is tempered with the arctic, and whose blood mingles the tropical kisses of the sun, can but partly estimate the stir or soothing of a tongue touched with southern warmth and waking sympathetic music in the southern heart. At the north he spoke manfully and without offense for the welfare of his people. He warned the gray into the blue, and re-shaped the confederate flag, defended by his kin, back into the old constellation of the union that for a century had been the beacon and guide to the oppressed of the world. At the south he did not forget with stirring and wholesome words to bridge, to cover the old chasm, and he re-colored the mourning crape of the "lost cause" with tints of reconciliation and hope. He shaped the dirge into a psalm and the dirge into a psalm and the dirge into a psalm.

The seed he has sown in the wide field will not all fail. Here and there it will spring up a hundred fold and germinate and re-germinate again for a still broader harvest. Good may be hid-it never dies. The vitality of divinity is its resurrection.

Brilliant and brief-lived, the young apostle served his cause and departed. Like a meteor he sped across the sky, lighting up an unexpected landscape of refreshed fields and new industries, and passed out into the darkness, but also into our memory forever. J. A.

THE FULTON COUNTY ALLIANCE.

The Farmers of Fulton County Officially Express Their Grief.

At a meeting of the Fulton County Farmers' Alliance held Thursday evening, the committee appointed to adopt suitable resolutions on the death of Mr. H. W. Grady, made the following report:

Resolved, 1. That as an orator, statesman and journalist Henry Grady's name will adorn the brightest page in the history of this government. Resolved, 2. That the name of Grady is identified with the history of Georgia, and his memory will be forever cherished among the dearest and proudest of our sons.

Resolved, 3. That we, as farmers, affectionately sympathize with and tender to his afflicted and bereaved family our sincere condolences upon their irreparable loss.

Resolved, 4. That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and a page in our record book be left to his memory. These resolutions were seconded by Dr. J. W. Stone in a very eloquent tribute of respect to the distinguished death.

President Stokes and others spoke very feelingly of the great Georgian.

January 4, 1890.

NARROW ESCAPES.

HOW SOME WELL-KNOWN VETERANS RECEIVED THEIR WOUNDS.

Governor Gordon's Famous Experiences—How Dr. Todd, Judge Newman and Colonel Hamilton Lost Their Arms.

Some men appear to bear a charmed existence.

When death seems inevitable an unlooked for intervention of providence occurs and the threatened disaster is averted.

In time of peace instances of such narrow escapes are frequent. During the last war, however, they were of almost daily occurrence and unless some of these incidents were substantiated by the records of companies in which they happened, they would seem too improbable to be believed.

Every old soldier who fought through the last war has some anecdote to tell of men who were shot down and after being given up for dead recovered, and were able to do their duty again. None of these stories are, of course, as incredible as the historical one of the soldier who, at the battle of Waterloo was taken for a corpse and piled up with others to form a breastwork against the storm of French bullets. When the ghastly rampart was torn down for burial the supposed dead body was found to have life in it, and after careful treatment the soldier recovered and lived many years to serve his king and his country.

Sufficiently wonderful escapes took place in our midst twenty-five years ago to fill a volume with most interesting reading.

GOVERNOR GORDON'S ESCAPE.

Death passed very close to thousands, but on none did the destroyer lay so firm a grip and then release his hold as on General John B. Gordon. Whether as a captain leading his company or as a general commanding half of Lee's army, the bullets flew thickest, and where death and carnage and hard fighting were found.

For the first two years of the war the life of General Gordon appeared to be protected by some omnipotent power. In leading his men he was constantly exposed and though others fell on every side of him, he remained unharmed. He was bruised many times, but never once was a drop of his blood spilled. His clothes on several occasions were pierced and rent by bullets; his hat was twice lifted from his head and his canteen was shot from his side without his being hurt. Finally a superstitious fear among the men that their leader bore a charmed life. And when the opening shot at the battle of Sharpsburg was fired it was asserted that the bullet had never been made to reach him.

Before the close of the great fight, however, not only one but many bullets had found their way into his body, and the Sixth Alabama regiment, which he then commanded, mourned bitterly because they believed that their leader, who knew not what fear meant, was beyond all hope. In that one fight General Gordon had more narrow escapes than almost any other man who survived through the great four years' struggle.

At the beginning of the engagement a shell burst immediately in front of him, and a large piece struck him fairly in the chest. A sad bruise was inflicted, but Gordon never showed that he felt the pain of it, and continued at the head of his men. Shortly after the explosion of the shell a bullet passed through the fleshy part of his right leg, but still he made up no more. A handkerchief tied about the limb absorbed the blood and served to set an example of endurance to the men. One hour later a ball passed through the same leg, between the knee and the hip joint; another bandage was applied, and still the commander continued at his post. Only half an hour later, and the left arm, raised to emphasize an order, fell useless, a ball having passed through it, severing in its passage every tendon, and also a small artery. The constant loss of blood made him weak, but the mighty will conquered pain, and all requests to retire from the fight were refused with scorn. Fifteen minutes later, and a minnie ball tore through his left shoulder breaking in two and leaving half the lead buried in the bone. Tolerating, and scarcely able to stand, Gordon turned to rally his men, and as he did so, the final wound was inflicted. Square in the left cheek the bullet struck, coming out under the ear. At last the wonderful physical energy

gave way, and the dauntless commander fell forward, with his mutilated face buried in his cap, and so he would have died, drowned by the blood that flowed so freely for his country, but for a bullet hole which had pierced his cap unnoted, and allowed the red fluid to escape. How long General Gordon lay there unconscious he never knew, but the legends he experienced, as he himself describes them, must have been very terrible. He says that he felt a six pound shot had struck away his head. He argued with himself that if his head was gone he could no longer think, as the brain must have been destroyed. Then he concluded that he was dead, and it was only the immaterial part of the man still hovering above the useless clay that was thinking; finally he decided that if he were alive he could move his legs, but if he were dead he had no legs. With a great effort he did move his limbs, and pierced as they were, he drew them almost to his chest. The effort sent the little blood remaining in his body to the brain, and he recovered consciousness, only to faint again. When he next came to himself, he was on a litter being taken to the rear. For seven months General Gordon remained away from his command. At the end of that time, though his wounds were only partially healed, he returned to duty as brigadier general.

He passed through several other desperate conflicts without injury, and was not wounded again until at the battle of Shepherdstown, in 1862—a bullet struck him in the head just above the hair and entered a bad wound. On the 23rd of March, 1863, the battle of Steadman was fought, and General Gordon, as a corps commander, received his last wound, a ball piercing his right leg.

Among his relics General Gordon keeps an iron-bound pocketbook which once saved his life. He carried it in his pocket and a ball struck it and bent it double. Had it not been for this pocketbook the missile would have torn through the hip bone and would almost surely have caused death.

Dr. Scott Todd is another man who came face to face with death during the war and then passed him by. He received his wound at the battle of Oak Ridge, and the circumstances attending the infliction of it proves the wonderful dispensation of providence. The battle of Oak Ridge was a very desperate one. The confederates occupied a position behind breastworks which were so built as to leave embankments through which the soldiers could fire at the enemy. The Marietta Cadets held the works against an overwhelming force for hours, and their ammunition was giving out. Then a Confederate soldier was seen to enter the line and was ordered to come forward to the rear and procure more ammunition. As he turned away, Dr. Todd took his place, and rested his arm on the sill of the embrasure. Before Woodard had taken two steps he heard a commotion, and turning, saw the man who had replaced him, lying bleeding on the ground. The minnie ball which struck Dr. Todd, so shattered the arm that his case was thought fatal. By amputation, however, his life was saved, and now his tall figure and empty coat sleeve are well known to everybody in Atlanta.

JUDGE W. T. NEWMAN.

Judge Newman lost his arm at the battle of Jonesboro, where he commanded a company of Tennessee cavalry. The fight was a desperate one, and when Judge Newman fell he was surrounded on all sides by the enemy, and dying. The little life that was left in him would quickly have been trampled out of him by the iron-shod hoofs of the horses, but for Colonel Knub, the commander of the regiment, who fortunately saw his danger. In his arms the colonel lifted Judge Newman and carried him to the rear. His wound was found so dangerous that the arm was taken off at the shoulder, and after a hard struggle for life Judge Newman recovered his health and strength.

COLONEL HAMILTON'S WOUND.

Colonel H. C. Hamilton, clerk of the United States district court, once had the armal complement of arms, though now he carries an empty sleeve. He was a desperate warrior, and the treatment after receiving "it" put his life in great danger for a time. In December, 1864, while General Sherman was raiding through Georgia, news was received by General L. Q. Gartrell's brigade, at Charleston, that a part of the Union fleet would be sent from Hilton Head island to cut off the railroad connection between Charleston and Savannah. With a detachment of the Third Georgia regiment, Colonel Hamilton was ordered to meet the union soldiers and frustrate their intentions.

The two armies met, and the desperate battle of Coosawatchie was fought. Each force was struggling to obtain possession of a bridge. Colonel Hamilton was standing at one end of the bridge, and had just discharged his gun when a union man not a hundred feet away, took deliberate aim at him. His hand was at his side taking out another cartridge when the bullet of his enemy struck him in the wrist. The bone of the arm was terribly shattered, and before dark the arm was amputated at the elbow. After the union forces were driven back, Colonel Hamilton was taken to Savannah, where, on the 21st of the same month, he was captured. He was sent in his enfeebled condition from one prison to another until, in the dead of winter, with only one coat and one blanket, he was landed at Fort Delaware. He was only seventeen years old, and the wound and the cold combined nearly killed him. He was finally released and returned to his home in Georgia.

COLONEL TOWERS'S STORY.

Colonel Towers, principal keeper of the penitentiary at Macon, has had some of the experiences of the war. Although he was not himself injured, it was all the harder for him to bear, as his own son was the sufferer and he could do nothing to help him. At the battle of Sharpsburg, Colonel Towers led his men into one of the most desperate charges of the war. With an irresistible impulse the confederate soldiers swept the opposing forces from their path until the union men were banded up in solid phalanx. Then the tide of battle changed, and foot by foot the ground the confederates had won was regained. During the retreat Colonel Towers was assisted by his son, who was standing next to him. Suddenly the young man threw his arms above his head and fell forward. The lives of all his men were dependent on Colonel Towers, and even for his own son he could not stop. He had only time to see that his boy was shot through the chest and then he was forced to leave him there. A moment later he saw the union men swarm over the spot where the prostrate boy lay, and he was obliged to continue the retreat without knowing whether his son was alive or dead.

Three days later while Colonel Towers was still suffering all the tortures of anxiety and fear, he saw his son's quarters and gave him a startling account of his son's experiences. The young man desperately wounded but still alive and had removed him to a hospital, which was situated at a little distance in the woods. There he was cared for until a confederate officer, who was skirmishing through the woods, came, by accident upon the hospital. He had only a few men with him. To show his weakness he begged the confederate officer to take him away. He was placed on a horse and was held in an upright position until the union hospital was left behind. Then the horses were forced into a gallop, and though young Towers was continually fainting, he was held on his horse and was brought safely into the confederate camp. He recovered from his wound only to be killed during the next battle in which he took part.

Southern Travelers' Association.

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Southern Travelers' association which was held in Macon on the 27th of December, touching resolutions relative to the death of Mr. Grady were adopted, of which the following is an extract:

"Nothing now is left but a majestic memory." Mr. Grady was a strong friend to travelers, men he took the deepest personal interest in their welfare and success, and many of our members gratefully testify to words of encouragement and more substantial favors received from him at some of his periods in their life; memory of some of his deeds will ever rise to the lips.

"Like sweet incense burning."

We recall with mournful pleasure the fact that he took a great interest in our association, and his name was early enrolled as one of our honorary members—one whom the entire association delighted to honor, and whom it was proud to claim as a member.

This Just Suits Florida Travelers.

On and after Sunday, January 12th, "The West India Fast Mail" which now leaves Atlanta via the E. T. & G. A. railway at 12 noon, will leave at 7 p. m., arrive at Macon 10 p. m. and Jacksonville following morning at 12 noon, making close and positive connections for all Florida points and Havana.

New Map of Atlanta.

First cloth binding, 25c. by mail 30c. For sale by John M. Miller, 31 Marietta street.

"His hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and yet holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union."

H. W. Grady,
Dec. 12, 1889.

PLUNKET AT THE PLAY.

THE OLD MAN SQUINTS ONE EYE AT THE HIGH-KICKER.

And Urges the Old 'oman to Be Still, While He Sizes up the Beauty's Four-Inch Frock—A Box-Belle's Airy Attire.

"Me and the old 'oman have been to er theater," said Plunkett, as he cut his eye toward his wife, with a merry twinkle.

"She swore when we got back from the exposition that she would never be caught ergin at any kind of er show, but it's mighty hard fer er woman to keep a resolution to make er re-culose outen themselves, and so when er Con-servatory young man offered us some free tickets to go to DeGivie's theater, she hunched me with her elbow and whispered for me to take 'em, and I took 'em and we went and seed sights that nary one of us never thought of before, and that she swears she never wants to see ergin, but I do; I'll risk one eye at such things as I seed up there any time."

"We never had been ter theater before and when we got in and took our seats we looked in front of us and there was the prettiest picture and the biggest picture that ayy one of us had ever seed, and we took that for the show, and it was er show for us, for there was the ocean and the big steamers, and in the background was a city on the hills, and to the right and to the left was things pretty to look upon, but the old 'oman thought she'd cut one of her knowin' dices, and so she leaned over and 'lowed to some youngsters in front of us:

"'Haint it beautiful?'"

"'What is beautiful?'" axed one of the youngsters.

"'The show!'" the old 'oman 'lowed.

"'That's no show, that's the drap curtain!'" replied the youngster.

"Then the old 'oman turned and axed me in a whisper what 'drap curtain' meant. I hunched her with my elbow and whispered for her to set still and look wise, and folks wouldn't know that we didn't understand things."

"Er bout that time the music broke loose and I heard the old 'oman's feet er shuffling and patting time, when all of er sudden a little bell tingled and the drap curtain begin to roll up, and as the curtain riz we riz, for the scenery was er sight to us and we were enjoyin' the beauties, when the youngsters behind us began to holler:

"'Down in front!'"

"'Police! Police!'"

"'Throw 'em out!'"

"Then er fellow tapped us on the shoulders and told us we must keep our seats, and we hadn't more'n set back in our seats when he darted two fellows on the stage, and then the show begun."

They looked and talked like they were going to tear thunder outen things in spite of all that could be done, and I felt the old 'oman quiver and I trembled er little myself, but they darted on in er minute and then the old 'oman whispered and 'lowed that if there was going to be er disturbance she wanted to go. Then one of the youngsters in front overheard her turned and said that one or the other of them would get killed in er minute or two, for they were going to fight er duel.

"The old 'oman didn't have to pinch my arm much till I was scrambling around to get my hat, but before I could get er hold of it in darted one of the prettiest kind of gals, and the skirts of her clothes wasn't more'n four inches long."

"I quit looking for my hat right now, and as I straightened in my chair the pretty gal stepped up to the light erlong the edge of the stage right over me, you might say, and when she bowed she kinder whirled on one foot and she might as well have been up a tree, with me sitting on the ground."

"When the pretty gal had stepped back er bout ten or twelve feet she begin to dance, and sich dancing I never seed before—that is, in short skirts. She shuffled to the right and then to the left; she shuffled this foot and then 't'other foot, and then both feet together, and then she'd turn this way and then that way, and all of er sudden she'd fling one leg up in the air and whirl erround liker er top, and it looked like a cyclone was erlong her little old four-inch skirts, but there was so many of 'em that one cyclone couldn't stir 'em all at once, and

it was the first time in my life that I ever felt like I wouldn't care a darn if another cyclone would dart down upon us, but there was too many skirts, as short as they was, or too few cyclones, so all is well that ends well.

"After this dancing gal went out in come another one, and she went to squealing:

"'Too, too, too, too, too, tootootoot!

"'To too, tootootoot!

"'Darn sich singing! I wish them theater-going folks could er bin at old Hebron church once in my young days, but they wasn't there, and they wouldn't believe anything I'd say erbout it."

"The show proper wasn't the only thing that took my eye, though; the way the wimin in the audience dressed was a caution. I have been waiting in the hope that the old 'oman would tell er bout a fine gal that set over to the side in what they called a 'box.' The old 'oman could tell you what she wore if she was er mind to."

"She didn't wear much of 'anything,' the wife retorted.

"'You're right,' returned Plunkett, 'she had er piece er bout of broad running over her shoulders, er bout what a pair of galluses would be. She was settin behind a kind of dashboard, and we couldn't see what she had on below the body, but if she was dressed in proportion below the belt as she was erbout it, I'm glad the old 'oman didn't see her, but as old as I is, if they don't care I'm willing to look at it, but it would have been awful."

"Er long in my young days the gals got so they wore what they called 'low neck and short sleeves,' and there was no great sight of cloth used in them, but they had er bout a half inch of sleeve and the bodice didn't quite leave 'em bare down to their belts, but the boys in them days quit marryin' sich gals, and them dresses were two hundred per cent more modest, in my notion, than these galls concerns—darn sich dresses, if I do like to look at 'em."

"If that gal at the theater had erbin my sister, or my cousin or my aunt, I'd er flung my old overcoat erbout her and took her home, and if it had er been my wife—well, I was married forty years before I ever seed er woman with that few clothes on."

"But never mind, let it pass; we seed the show and everybody nearly has seed sich things. The dancing gals with short skirts who kick up their heels and stand on their heads before an audience live by so doing. That has been their training, and they know no better. But these society belles, these best people, these Georgia bred and Georgia raised girls who can fix themselves up in such a lack-of-clothing style and set before an audience and not feel crushed from shame are a wonder to an old man like me."

"I pity the gals."

"I blame their mothers."

SARGOL.

ON PABLO'S SANDS.

On Pablo's snowy starlit sands,

When whispering zephyrs, soft and sweet,

Sang low the songs of other lands,

We wandered with reluctant feet.

And gazing, straying by the side,

However little thou didst know,

There surged within a love-touched tide

As deep as silent in its flow.

Then lightly beat this heart with hope;

Bright was this soul as Pablo's sky;

But in those stars Love's horoscope

Was dim, was languishing, to die.

And now on Pablo's starlit sands,

Where ceaseless surges break and sigh,

Love's disembodied spirit stands

And mourns o'er hope and joy gone by.

—CHARLES J. BAYNE.

The way to make money is to save it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, as it gives more doses for the money than any other. Sold by all druggists.

Bradyrotine will cure headache if from overeating. Bradyrotine Mfg. Co., Macon, Ga.

The New York "University" says of Mr. Chaney's new book, "Belief," "the author's object is to reconcile science and religion, and well he has accomplished it." For sale at Miller's.

Child.

MRS. WILSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP

for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain and cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Said may be described as having been built by the Suez canal, on the west side of it lies. It is a city of considerable population, at least the half of which live in a suburb to the west of that part of the

actually making \$750,000 to be expended for purposes. The center parks to be in the middle of the wide streets will be owned by the city. The cost of the Central City park cost \$25,000, and have already been drawn for \$500,000 of buildings to be erected next year. The new library building, which will be the public library building will be finished the early part of the year at a cost of \$1,000,000. Improvements to the amount of \$1,000,000 will be made to the University. The investment in university buildings already represent \$1,000,000. In this connection it can be seen that the Macdonalds have made a public school buildings \$500,000. The balance of the electric railway will be made in a few months. The balance of the electric railway will be made in a few months. The balance of the electric railway will be made in a few months.

local irritation which is present in the tissues gives rise to that terrible swelling of the legs as elephantiasis.

At the critical stages of development the parasite has to transpire in the body of a species of minute mosquito. Through the bodies of these minute insects the parasite is able to obtain drinking water, it is believed the spread of the parasite may be occurred.

It is reported that cases of this disease are said to have been reported in this country. Vague local tradition as to its characteristics. The fluids have a yellow appearance. By the use of the microscope it is not dangerous to the patient. Others believe that the fluids, becoming mixed in the blood, may be dangerous to the patient by being up an orifice of the heart. The disease is not contagious. Microscopic examination of the patient's blood is frequently resorted to by the Johns Hopkins, and great interest is expressed in the curious case.

Dr. Grant greatly liked Mr. Chaney's books for "Grant & Co." and "Form." She used to read to her little man and women. For the sake of the children.

Dr. Sloggett is the best tonic in the world for dyspepsia. Manufactured only by Dr. Sloggett & Sons. Sold everywhere.

WHOLESALE PRICES

...ton's Wine of Coca.....	45	Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, bot-	69
talvane.....	46	tle's Favorite Prescription, bottle.....	69
Chinchona Cordial.....	60	Sage's Catarrh Cure, bottle.....	30
Scott's Rheumatic Cure.....	66	Brown's Essence Jamaica Ginger, bottle.....	35
Day's Ready Relief.....	59	Mellin's Food, can.....	37 and 59
...s Expectant.....	14	Nestle's Milk Food, 40c; dozen.....	4 50
...na.....	16	Hall's Hair Renewer, bottle.....	67
... Extract.....	13	Ayer's Hair Vigor, bottle.....	56
...pepine.....	68	Sozodont, bottle.....	50
...Ellixir.....	35	Vin Mariani's Coca, bottle.....	99
Hair Dye.....	68	Swandown Powder, white and flesh, box.....	5
... New Discovery.....	35	Pozzon's Powder, white and flesh, box.....	35
...s Cough Bitters.....	15	Saunders's Bloom of Ninon, box.....	25
... Cough Syrup.....	15	Viola Cream.....	33
...ob's Oil.....	33	Blush of Roses, bottle.....	63
...s Extract, in 1 oz bottles, all odors	55	Congress Water, bottle.....	15
...s Fluid.....	50	Buffalo Lithia Water, bottle.....	50
...s Plasters.....	10	Hathorn Water, bottle.....	15
...s Capsine Plasters.....	15	Hoyt's Cologne, bottle.....	14
...s filled with extra fine Pot Pouri,		Hunter's Invisible Powder, box.....	17
...A. Magill's Orange Blossoms, box	66	Hood's Sarsaparilla, bottle.....	66
...rotine, bottle.....	66	Hunyard Water, bottle.....	25
...s Iron Bitters, bottle.....	39	Hypophosphite Fellows', bottle.....	99
... Fragrant Cologne, like most last-		Injection G, bottle.....	66
...all perfumes, regular \$1 size bot-		Mexican Mustang Liniment, bottle.....	17
... Powder in large embossed envel-	50	Pain Killer, bottle.....	17
...ods of Heliotrope, Violet, Jockey		Liebig's Extract Beef, Antwerp, jar.....	40
...and White Rose, each.....	30	Hoff's Malt Extract, 30c; dozen.....	3 25
...and Quinine and Dover's Cap-	10	Gonnell's Cherry Tooth Paste, jar.....	38
...s specific for colds, an old and		Jewberry & Brown's Oriental Tooth	
...ent remedy, box.....	25	Paste, jar.....	41
...s Mocking Bird Food, bottle.....	25	Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, bottle.....	69
...Tar and Wild Cherry, for coughs		Ayer's Sarsaparilla, bottle.....	65
...olds (money refunded if not satis-		Carter's Little Liver Pills, bottle.....	13
...fy).....	15	Tutt's Pills, box.....	13
...de Ammonia, full sizes, 35 and		Morse's Indian Root Pills, box.....	15
...sine in capsules, dozen, 25, 35 and		May Apple Pills, bottle.....	10
...s No. 9 Ammonia, 40c.....	10	Cathartic Pills, box.....	10
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	All 25c pills at.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Packer's Tar Soap, cake.....	14
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Bradfield's Female Regulator, bottle.....	68
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Holme's Liniment or Mother's Friend,	
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	bottle.....	98
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Murray's Cyclone Liniment, bottle.....	33
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Power & Weightman's Glycerine, 5 oz.,	
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	pint.....	40
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Terralline, bottle.....	73
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Scott's Hair Curler, each.....	21
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Winslow's Soothing Syrup, bottle.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Canadian Catarrh Cure, bottle.....	30
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Smith's Worm Oil, bottle.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Brewer's Lung Restorer, bottle.....	33
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Syrup of Figs, bottle.....	33
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Boschee's German Syrup, bottle.....	33
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Vaseline.....	8c, 18c and
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Vaseline Camphor Ice.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Vaseline Cold Cream.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Warner's Safe Cure, bottle.....	83
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Paragonic, pint.....	50
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Castor Oil, Baker's, pint.....	25
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Quinine in Pills or Capsules, 1 grain 5c,	
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	2 grains 7c, 3 grains 10c, 5 grains, per	
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	dozen.....	15
... Hubbard Ayer's Balm.....	50	Fear's Soap.....	21

JACOBS' PHARMACY

TWO WRONGS TO MAKE RIGHT

Glen Waters.

Twelve o'clock, midnight.

As the echo of the clock in the tower died away, a toiler looked up from his work. His task was done. He was looking over it critically, a look of satisfaction on his worn, haggard face. The look descended as the hungry searching look in his eyes gave way to an easier, confident expression. Then the thin lips parted in a smile of triumph.

"Good," he said, "it's perfect."

He was looking at a paper on the table before him, and still holding a pen.

"Now," looking up, "I must get this pen and ink back. Ah, my bosom friend! If you could only see that—if my boy. You'd swear you wrote it."

He was not an old man, though his hair was prematurely gray, and there were deep lines furrowed in his face. His keen gray eyes were shaded by heavy brows. One would have taken him, perhaps, for a business man who had shaved away the best years of his life in devotion to business, and was grown old now before his time.

On the table near the paper he had just written were a dozen or more letters, arranged like copies on a school desk. All but two were business letters, and evidently written by the same hand, though to various addresses. One page of manuscript was covered from top to bottom with scattered letters, grouped loosely into words and more loosely into sentences, as if each letter had been copied separately.

On the next paper the letters had been written together forming words, but the whole had a patchwork appearance, as if the words had no connection one with another.

The last page was finished work. The letters glided into words, the words into sentences, and there was a consecutive statement—a forged document with consummate skill.

The business letters were all written on thin paper, stamped with a plain business card:

W. H. PENNITT, ATTORNEY.

The forgery was done on the same paper, bearing the same stamp. The delicacy and accuracy of the penmanship were marvellous.

The man, with a last look at his work, began pacing the room. He stopped presently, "Beth Cloke," he said, addressing himself as he would another man, "you are getting old. That's what's killing you. It'll kill anybody, will that. You look five years older than you did a week ago. Now swear to me, dog, that this is the last one. Swear it."

Then he raised his right hand, and bowed in mock reverence.

"I swear it," he said.

A lister would have been startled at the complete change of voice. The warning and admonition were in a sharp, hard tone. The answer was a deep, bass voice.

"Well," he continued, in the sharp, hard tone, "that's good. Quit taking risks and live like an honest man. Make a man out of the boy—and he can't live always. He can't live always."

He evidently had two people in his mind, the boy and some other. He was silent again for some time.

"Beth Cloke," he began abruptly, "I'm not blaming you. I know how it is. Listen to this!"

He looked like an actor, rehearsing his part. "Mr. Cloke," he began, addressing himself in a boyish tone, "I can't think of it. Indeed I can't."

"Why, Willie?" in the natural deep base he had used before.

"Don't ask me, please, sir. I can't go to college. I want to stay here on the farm."

"I have a right to know, Willie."

"I know you have, sir. But don't ask me. The decision was perfect. The money was wonderful. An over-dropper would have readily imagined that he was listening to two people: one of them a troubled boy, with tears in his eyes, and the other an old man. But there was only one, only one actor, with a dual part rehearsing."

"But I want you to go, Willie! I want you to have an education. I want you to be a great, good man. I have no home—no child but you."

"I wish I was your—child. You have been good to me and I would do anything for you, but I must stay at home. I must never see anybody. I must never be anybody."

"Why, Willie?"

"Because, Mr. Cloke, my father, was a convict. I know you will despise me now, but I can't help it."

"I knew that, Willie."

"Knew my father?"

"Yes, but his sin was not yours."

"I must give it all up. Even at our school that was thrown up to me. At college—that would be unbearable. I want to live and die out here. I can at least be alone there, and make an honest living. My life can't be anything. I wish I had never been born. I wish I was dead."

"Don't give up that way, Willie. That'll all die out. Your father met his punishment in that death at the mines—a horrible death in ghastly clothes. Surely that was enough. You will outlive his name and disgrace."

"No, sir. You don't know how hard it is. If that could all be cleared up, Willie, would you go to college?"

"But it can't be cleared up, now."

"But it could be."

"Then I would try to make up for it all. But it can't be cleared up now. Poor mother—if it only could be."

"But she's happily married now."

"Married—not happily—to keep from starving. She has never been the same since—then."

The actor had done his part.

There was Beth Cloke again, himself, his face pale as death.

"That," he said, in the natural rough, deep base, "from my boy. Why didn't he die when they thought I did, down in the mines? Why did I ever find my way again into the light? Why didn't I die then? What did I get out of, when the rest were killed? Why did I live to find my wife married to another man and my child an outcast?"

He walked up and down the room, the lines in his face quivering with emotion and his hands clenched.

"This is justice," in the same hoarse tone. "This is justice on earth. An innocent man—a poor man—sent to punishment and eternal disgrace for a crime he never dreamed of, dying and the man whose hands were red-dripping red—was there at the trial. He saw me sent to jail, and helped to send me there. He was guilty and I was innocent. He has prospered all this time. He has a home. He is rich. And here I am, without a name, disgraced, dead—more than dead!"

He glanced toward the paper.

"I owe the world nothing. I was innocent and they called me guilty. I am guilty now and they will say I'm innocent. Yes, and wealthy. This is for her sake. This is for his sake—and for the sake of that poor devil convicted—myself—not Beth Cloke, but the convict. Now, my friend Pennitt, my day. But reckoning is at hand."

He gathered the sheets on the table and burned all but the last one. They had served their purpose. He watched them burn, and looked carefully to see that none were left.

Then he put the ink carefully away in one pocket, and the pen in another, brushed them off from his fingers, and took a last critical look over the room.

Then he took the forged paper with him, opening and closing the door softly, and was gone like a ghost.

In another room, in the same hotel, the light was burning dimly when the door was opened quietly and a gaunt figure, pale-faced and gray, looked in.

He stole quietly to the table near the bedside, and took from his pocket a bottle of ink, and a pen, and placed them on the table.

Not three feet away a man was sleeping, and the pale man bent over then to look down on the face.

er's face and the other hand still holding the chain.

There was a quick movement of the right arm, a start, the click of the handcuff.

The gaunt figure stole back towards the door, and, fastening it securely, turned up the light.

"How does it feel?" he asked, addressing the man he had just handcuffed.

"There was no answer but with the man's eyes. His body was quiet still."

"It's now 3:44," said the pale man, glancing at his watch. "I have about seven minutes to talk to you. I suspect I'd better move that table here, just under the light. Looks more natural, don't it? Then take the stopper out, dip in the pen, like that, and—there's the sin on the paper. Correct. Then a chair by the table. Check. I'd better scatter those clothes a little, hadn't I? Check. And now it's 3:46."

He sat down in the chair and stared carelessly at the face on the pillow. Those eyes—how unheartily they looked, with the face still as marble. How they glittered, like wild beasts'. How they burned with agony.

"Symptoms quite right. It looks like I'll have to do most of the talking, so here goes. In the first place, my bosom friend, I owe you an apology for this unceremonious intrusion. So much the worse for me, and my apology more humble, because I do not come as a bosom friend, but as an entirely different somebody. A mere acquaintance, Mr. Pennitt—a stranger. I may say, 'No, don't look at me if you recognize me.' I'm not Beth Cloke. I'm not your friend. I'm a stranger. I'm a convict. I'm Isaac Wetherell. Yes, yes—"

He had checked the quick change of those burning eyes, and then looked coolly at his watch.

"Now 3:48," he continued. "I must talk quickly. I was the only one that escaped in that accident at the mines. I have considered this thing carefully, and I have concluded, my dear Pennitt, that the guilty ought to suffer for that crime. I was on the Lord, Pennitt, but that way's too slow. It's uncertain, Pennitt. So you'll have to stand it, my bosom friend. You'll begin moving in about two minutes now—hardly not so long. That's why I hand-cuffed you, Pennitt. I'll have hold the other hand. Then after you begin moving, Pennitt, you'll have about ten minutes. Then you'll go out all of a sudden—just like you were working down in the mines and it came in on you. I've arranged your affairs in good shape, Pennitt, and if your conscience burns you, I'll fix it all that and you can die easy—on that score. Now I'll get over where I am. You see, I know something about this. I've seen it tried in China and it never fails. Now when you get moving, I'll put this bottle in your hand. This is a suicide Pennitt—do you hear? This isn't a murder. I'm not killing you. You are committing suicide. So I'll put this phial here on the bed where I can reach it. But remember, Pennitt, this is a suicide—not a murder."

The pale man clasped the right arm that was already twitching, and put his weight upon, still leaving his face so that he could look into Pennitt's eyes.

"Yes," as coolly as if he were looking at his watch, and not into the eyes of a dying man, "these symptoms, Pennitt, but both arms were pinioned. The chain grated a little, and he seemed to have noticed it, for he moved that arm with all the strength he had."

"Both rooms vacant, my bosom friend. No body in there to help you."

The doomed man struggled on wildly, but despair was written on every line of his face, every look of his eyes.

Beth Cloke watched every change of expression, never relaxing that iron grip on Pennitt's arm.

"Pennitt," he asked presently, "would you sign a confession if I let you go?"

The eyes said "Yes," and the lips moved, but there was no other answer.

"Tell everything?"

The same answer.

"Pennitt, would you give me your wife, like you gave mine to another man?"

"Yes," the eyes said again.

"Then, Pennitt, you are a bad man, and you ought to die. It's hard, my bosom friend, but your time's nearly up."

And so it was.

The dying man's struggles grew feebler and feebler.

"Pennitt."

The dim eyes lighted feebly, and Beth Cloke fancied that the lips moved again.

"Do me just as friends, Pennitt."

The face twitched, wildly, the breath came in quick gasps, and the eyes gleamed with the last spark of life.

"Well," as coolly as ever, "I never saw that done before. Uncommon, that. Remarkable. Dead, as I'm alive. Pennitt, Pennitt! Dead, dog. Now, I'll put this bottle where it belongs, in your right hand. Clasp it tight, my bosom friend, before the fingers are stiff. That's right. I'd shut your eyes for you, Pennitt, but this was a suicide, and you died alone. Indeed, you did, Pennitt."

He went back to the table for a last look at the paper.

Then he looked once more at the dead face on the pillow, drawn and distorted with despair and hatred.

"Sorry, Pennitt, but it had to be done. You wrecked my life to save your own neck, and you shouldn't have done it. It was wrong, Pennitt. And as my wife—she is my wife—and as my child has suffered, so will your wife and your child suffer. But remember, Pennitt, this is a suicide—not a murder."

He started away, and then turned to repeat:

"This is suicide, Pennitt. I—why I am your bosom friend, Beth Cloke, Esq. I will be heart-broken in the morning, Pennitt. I shall be terribly shocked. Prostrated with grief, Pennitt. Good night, Pennitt."

This extract, taken from the Herald of July 9th, 187—, may be of interest in this connection.

"Win H. Pennitt, the successful lawyer, committed suicide last night in his room at the Daley house."

"The circumstances surrounding the deed are of peculiar atrocity, and the development, today were of the most sensational character."

"Pennitt was found lying upon his back in bed, his left arm chained to the bed post, and an empty phial in his right hand."

"Everything about the room was in confusion. His clothing was scattered about, and the bed where he was lying had been disarranged by his struggles."

"His eyes were wide open, and his face wore a haunting look of agony. From all appearances he had been dead five or six hours when the body was first discovered."

"He was a successful lawyer, wealthy, and prominent in politics. The first rumors of his tragic death, on the night of the 8th, were that he had committed suicide."

"The coroner was notified, and an inquest was held. There were only a few witnesses examined. The case was plainly a suicide."

"The servant who had first opened the door, testified as to the condition of the room, which Mr. Pennitt had neglected to close, the general condition of the room, and the position of the body."

Dr. J. K. Hadden gave it as his opinion that the man had been dead for some time. This view was corroborated by other physicians.

"The empty phial which the dead man still clasped in his hand had evidently contained the fatal draught. The bottle was labelled with a thin strip of yellow rice-paper, covered with Chinese characters. The inscription was translated to mean 'certain death,' or 'sure death.' The poison was some powerful alkaloid, but its exact character was not determined."

"The cause of the suicide was given by Mr. Pennitt himself, in a communication written on the night of his death, and left upon the table. It was not dated, nor was it directed to any one. It read:

"I leave this message to explain my own act. I am haunted by a memory that is worse than death. Ten years ago my uncle, Eliza Pennitt, was murdered and his house robbed. A writing man named 'Levin' lived in my uncle's house about half a mile from my uncle's house, was tried for the murder, sentenced, and sent to the mines for life. His previous good character and the circumstantial character of the evidence saved his neck. Some of the money was found in his house. Blood on it was found near my uncle's house. Wetherell was unable to prove an alibi, and other circumstances were strongly against him. I had just begun the 'trial of law, and assisted in the prosecution, he tried to convince Wetherell of my uncle's murder. I committed the deed myself. I killed my uncle and robbed him, being in great need of money, and having a heavy debt on my back that to get it. Four years ago

Wetherell was killed by a cave-in at the mines. I have done what I can for his wife, and her money now and then. This was done secretly. I have kept this terrible secret until I can keep it no longer. I would go insane if I lived until tomorrow. The specters are calling for revenge. I shall now make. Wetherell is dead, but his wife and son still live. It will be a comfort to them to know that Wetherell was an innocent man. I knew him to be so when he was convicted. I intended to help him out some way, but kept putting it off until it was too late. My wife and child still suffer. My heart bleeds for them, but I must do this before I go to my Maker. May God sustain them and teach them to forget and forgive."

WILLIAM H. PENNITT.

"This confession, evidently written in a great hurry, was lying upon the table where he left it. The pen, still filled with ink, had been dropped upon the sheet, smearing it."

The resolution to kill himself must have been taken suddenly, only the day before he had written a number of letters, and there is no trace in them of any such feeling."

"The confession recalls a strange story. An innocent man sent to the mines for life, for a crime, meeting his death in a convict's garb. After all those years the guilty man, overcome by remorse, brings out the truth and goes on to his death."

"Mr. Beth Cloke, an intimate friend of the deceased, the two having adjoining offices in one building and rooms in the same hotel, was one of those most affected by the news. He was quite prostrated with grief."

"Pennitt told me his secret," said he, "only a few days ago, and I was deeply affected about it. I regarded the confidence as a professional one, and of course said nothing about it. He has suffered for his crime, no man knows how much. He told me that it had haunted him day and night for years. With that one statement that one inhuman, awful stain—he was a good man."

"The corner's jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of death by his own hands."

Following this are the details about the funeral.

GRADY.

I. Stars rise and set, stars flash and darken: Today I stand alone and hearken: Unto this counsel, old and wise: As shadows sail we flee? The blossom May hide the rare fruit in its bosom, But in the core the canker lies.

II. Today I stand alone and listen—While on my cheek the teardrops glisten: And a strange blindness veils my sight, And the story of his dying I reach it. In God's white shroud he lies, His laureled brow is laid tonight.

III. Dear friends, I would not mock your sorrow With this poor wreath that ere tomorrow Shall fade and perish—little worth; But from the mountains that lament him, And from these vales whose violets lent him Their fragrance, from around the earth,

IV. Wherever Love hath her dominion, Sorrow hath plumed her shadowed pinion: And paid the tribute her tears; And here is mine! In pathways lowly This man, whose death on canvas as holy Met me, a traveler of the years,

V. And reached his strong right hand—a brother, Saying: "Mankind should love each other," And so I shared and felt his love; And now my heart's grief expresses As comes from out long wildernesses The sad lamenting of the dove.

VI. Yet while I weep states mourn together And in the world 'tis rainy weather: And all that bright rain falls for him! States mourn, and while their voices fame him The fondness of the lowly name him, And little children's eye grow dim.

VII. With tender tears, because they love him; Their hands strew violets above him: They hush his dead name in their dreams, And in their sorrows and afflictions Old men breathe dying benedictions Where on his grave the starlight gleams.

VIII. He stood upon the heights, yet never So high but that his heart forever Was by the loveliest accent thrilled; He loved his land and sought to save it, And in that love he freely gave it: The life death's hand hath touched and stilled.

IX. Dear, brave, true heart! You fell as fallett A star when from far spaces called: God's voice that shakes the trembling spheres; Fell! Nay! that voice, like softest lyre, Whispered then in thy dreams: "Come higher, Above Earth's sorrows, hopes and fears."

X. I shall not see thee dead: Thy living, Dear face, the gentle and forgiving; The kindly eyes, the compassionate; The rare smile of thy lips—each token I have of thee must be unbroken— Death shall not leave them desolate!

XI. O, Christmas skies of blue December, This day of earthly days remember—He loved you, skies! and yet his life was blue: Be beautiful! O, sunlight gleaming Like silver on the rivers streaming: Out to the sea; and mountain's dew

XII. Bespangled—and ye valley valleys, Green-bosomed, where the south winds dailies—He loved you, valleys! and yet his life was blue: Do ye not miss him? Winds that wander, How can you pass him, lying yonder, Nor sigh his dirge with folded wing?

XIII. In dearest dust that ever nourished The violets that o'er it flourish; He lies, your lovers and his friends! Thy soft beams, sweet sun, will kiss him; Sweet, silent valleys, ye will miss him, Your roses, weeping, o'er him bend.

XIV. Goodnight—Goodbye! Above our sorrow, Comrade!—thine is a fair "goodnight" word: In some far, hazy land, where the stars are, We leave thee this farewell—Love's last token: We leave thee to thy rest unbroken—God have thee in his care—Goodnight!

—F. L. STANTON.

"I have been occasionally troubled with coughs, and in each case have used Brewster's Bronchitis Coughs, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

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STRENGTH VITALITY!
How Lost! How Regained.

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KNOW THYSELF.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

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UNTOLD MISERIES

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"A MURRELL NEGRO."OLD WATT MURRELL'S STORY OF
THIS SOUTHERN OUTLAW.

How the News of Murrell's Capture Was Received at the Old Homestead in Tennessee—Some Anecdotes of the Outlaw.

The most famous outlaw that ever figured in southern criminal history, without exception, was John A. Murrell.

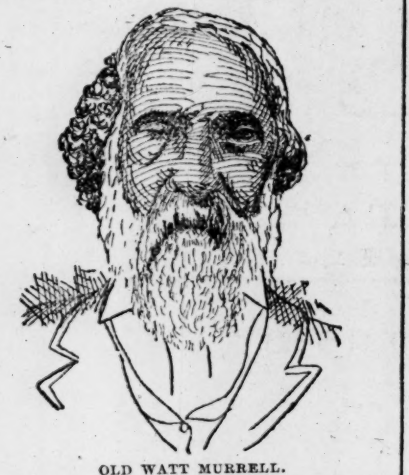
There are many old people still living in Georgia, and in other parts of the south, who remember the time when Murrell's name was a terror to whites and blacks, and a synonym for all that was cruel and tigerish in outlawry.

Some of them have old papers stored away, with columns after columns about him, all robbery and murder. Books without number were written concerning his life, as there were more recently of Jesse James and others who followed him.

The soberest accounts of his long career read like the mad stories in fiction; full of incredible escapades and escapes, and all of them marked with a unique, half-picturesque barbarity.

It was always said that his colleagues were in nearly every county in the southern states, wealthy and prominent men, who winked at his robbery and shared the spoils. Some of Murrell's plans were gigantic, covering whole states, and his audacity and miraculous success are unaccountable except on the theory of a great confederation.

In several instances men of prominence were proved to have been implicated, and a number of his agents, after Murrell was convicted, were tried and sentenced in half a dozen states.



OLD WATT MURRELL.

There is now living in Atlanta an old darkey who was born a slave on the Murrell plantation in Sullivan county, Tennessee, about 1825.

This is Watt Murrell, the plasterer.

He is well known here; an honest, prosperous, quiet old darkey, and a good workman. He has been in Atlanta since '55, working at the trade he learned in slavery fifty years ago.

"I 'member," he was saying, a few days ago, "the time 'en the news come they'd caught Mars John. I was a little piccanin' in them days, out there in the yard cuttin' dog-fennel with a crooked stick. A man went up in the house, an' then I heard 'em all cryin' an' takin' on, an' the house niggers takin' on like somebody was dead. So I crept up the back way, I did, to see what 'as up. Then they say, 'Mars John been caught! Mars John been caught!' an' 'all of the takin' on—don't talk, gemmen, don't talk. I 'members it same as yistiddy."

"Long 'fo' that I heard 'em talkin' 'round 'bout Mars John, but they didn't talk open. You know he was a preacher at firs—yes he was—an' he died a preacher. Such a preacher as Mars John was. But they tell me he died a good man, an' I 'lives it."

"You see, the white folks didn't say much where the niggers could hear, but one day Mars Tom an' Mars Hudson 'as cuttin' boards, an' I heard Mars John say, 'He got ninety-nine years, Hudson.' I been learnin', how to count an' I say 'Gin' 'im one mo' year an' he'd had a hundred, wouldn't he?' Then they cut their eyes 'round, but didn't say nothin', an' that's how come me to know he got ninety-nine years. He served five years in Nashville, an' five years in Jackson, Miss., an' five years in Wetumpka. Then they got 'im pardoned, 'cause the Murrells was all rich."

"Mars John was the youngest of the boys—Dick, Tom an' John A. Ole Mars Dick Murrell, his brother, owns that Murrell place now, 1300 acres of the finest clover bottom in Tennessee. I went up there to see 'em all not long ago, an' they was mighty glad to see this old nigger. The place is right down at the toe of Bays mountain, close to Bull's Cap. Yes, sir, all of 'em had plenty of money."

"You know Mr. John Thomas?" asked the old man, interrupting himself. "The one that died here not long ago. One day he tol' me, say, 'Watt, I had the big chain took off your Mars John in Nashville.' I didn't know whether he was jes jokin' or not, but w'en he died I read in THE CONSTITUTION that he was in 'em legislature in Tennessee, an' that's w'at he tol' me. I 'lives now he had it done, sure enough."

HOW A NOTE WAS PAID.

"You ever hear 'bout that widow woman?" asked Watt meditatively. "Dida?" Now, I didn't see this, but it's w'at they tell me."

"One day Mars John was ridin' 'long an' saw a widow woman cryin' at the well. He stop 'n say, 'W'at's up?' She tol' 'im then that she owed a man \$50.00 for the rent, an' didn't have no money. She didn't see how on earth she was goin' to pay. She was moanin' an' cryin', an' Mars John say, 'Well, I'll give you that much. Then he pulled out a handful of gold an' silver, an' counted \$50.00, an' while she was thankin' 'im he rode off, an' the last word he tol' her was to make that man give her a receipt. So presently the man come an' she paid 'im, an' he give her a receipt. Then he rode 'long off, but he hadn't gone far w'en a man say 'stop!' The man stopped. 'Now,' the other fellow say, 'I want that fifty dollars.' 'Law,' he say, 'w'at fifty dollars. I ain't got no fifty dollars.' 'Yes, you is. Give me that fifty dollars or I'll make you give me all you got.' So the man paid the fifty dollars, but the widow woman had the receipt an' the debt was paid an' the rich man lost it, so nobody was hurt."

"Mars John wasn't all bad, an' he done lots o' things like that."

"A fter while I was sold, first to one marster an' then to another, an' finally I come to 'long to Mr. Marshall—he learned me my trade. We used to work all over five counties in Alabama an' two counties in Mississippi, plasterin'."

Ever'where I went the name of bein' a Murrell nigger went with me. They'd say, 'that nigger is one of the Murrell stock.'

"One day in Kemper county, Miss., a lot of 'em was talkin' 'bout Mars John's cave down near Clinton, an' how he was robbin', an' one fellow tol' how a NEW YORK MAN come an' said he was a cotton broker. He had plenty of money an' ever'body liked him. One night there was a big ball out at a plantation in the country, an' ever'body was goin'. The New York man say, 'Boys, let's take all the money we can get an' have a big time.' So ever'body carried a big pocketbook. 'Bout midnight Mars John come down the whole crowd was stopped an' robbed. The New York man was in front, and he shelled out the first one. Then they let 'em all go, but when they looked for the New York man was gone, an' he never was seen again. That was how Mars John got 'em all

to carry pocketbooks an' then robbed 'em all without anybody bein' hurt."

"How many men did Murrell ever kill?" asked one of the old darkeys audience.

"I don't know for sure as he ever killed anybody, but they used to make out like he killed lots of folks. The way he would trade niggers was how come 'im so rich. He always tried to rob without killin'."

"His plan was to run off a whole lot of niggers from one state, and sell 'em in another. Then he would go back with a fresh lot, an' sell 'em w'ere he stole the first ones."

"But Mars John's dead now, an' I hope he's at peace. He done some good in this worl', an' that's more'n a heap of us do."

The breaking of lamp-chimneys is one of the most provoking of home annoyances, and leads to a constant stream of expense.

It can be stopped. The breaking is due to brittle glass.

There are two kinds of glass. One is as tough as the other is brittle. Tough glass costs a little more than brittle. That is the explanation.

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When suffering from a Cough or Cold
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WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
It is pleasant to the taste and does the work. Insist on having KID'S. Take no other. Price 25 cents. Prepared by FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Ladies' class, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10. Misses, Wednesdays at 3 and Saturdays at 10. Children, Wednesdays at 3 and Saturdays at 11. (Mondays at 3, an hour is given for exercise.) Free to members of the school.

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It is supplied ready for use, in rolls containing 200 square feet, and weighs, with Asbestos Roof Coating, ready for shipment, about 55 pounds to 100 square feet.

It is adapted for steep or flat roofs in all climates and can be readily applied by unskilled workmen. There are inferior imitations of our Asbestos Roofing; purchasers are cautioned.

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Great Many**ODD PANTS LEFT FROM SUITS.**This is Your Chance to Get a Pair of Pants at
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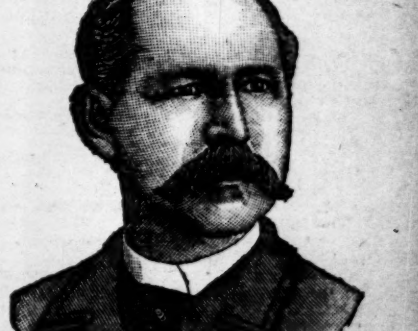
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\$2.00 GENTLE HAND-SEWED SHOE

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VOL. XXI.

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replaced to sell for less than quar-
ter more than prices given below.

You can buy blind and not get a
poor penny's worth in the lot.

New Laces are heaping up like
snow drifts. More room for them
than ever, but a crush and a crowd
just the same.

Fairy, filmy,
fancies that to
the mentalist of
merchandise
are the poetry
and romance of
trade.

We must hurry the outgo of some
to make room for others. Pick the
prices to accomplish it.

Torchons at 2c to 25c, just half
off splendid patterns and strong.
Orientals at 5c to 40c, valued much
higher. White cream, natural.

Cluny, set designs chiefly stars, me-
dallions and wheels, 25c to 60c.
Imitation Valenciennes, from half
to eight inches wide, 2c to 5c.

Spanish Guipure, Chantilly, Me-
dics, Fedora, Points and whatever-

else you want in Laces, very likely
for less than the market demands.

Ribbons are the foliage of dress,
the grace of dress; delicately
touched by
def fingers
the art of
dress.

Cashmere
and Swiss,
Mohair and
Silk equally
need the
help of Rib-
bons to ful-
fill their des-
tinity.

They are
but one re-
move from the beauties of Nature
just now—in cost. The list that
follows includes special offerings.

No. 2, 25c piece 10 yards, or 8c a yard.
No. 4, 50c piece 10 yards, or 10c a yard.
No. 5, \$1.10 piece 10 yards, or 12 1/2c a yard.
No. 7, \$1.25 piece 10 yards, or 25c a yard.
No. 9, \$1.35 piece 10 yards, or 20c a yard.

Are desirable goods and the
prices—well, comment is unneces-
sary.

Let the mournful old world wag
as it will, the wee bit darlings don't
care, so they are
warm and snug
and well fed. But we fix
the little one's things
to please the big folks.

Solid comfort with
everything to begin
with; atop of that
whatever of cuteness
and fineness and rich-
ness and handsom-
ness you care to pay for.

And we mean to make your
dimes and dollars do more for you
in these things than by any cutting
and stitching and worry you could
make them do for yourself.

Fine French Cashmere and Me-
rino Infants' long and short Cloaks,
with Caps, white cream and tan.
About half the usual prices.

Winter Goods.
This week we shall try heroic
treatment. Will cut closer to the
bone than ever before—reaching
deeper into the stock, dropping prices
further. Of what importance is it to
the public whether our stock is too
big or too small, or that we have
taken account of stock or any one of
the many points that touch Keely
Company's private interests? It would
be scant courtesy to your in-
telligence to parade such motives
for any business move of ours.

Therefore, we simply say that our
controlling power makes it possible
and special conditions make it nec-
essary to create prices that will
give you the Bargain Buying Mania.

Wraps. Rich and striking at
money-saving figures for you.
Here are a few carelessly noted
from a spacious Department
crowded full with others just as
price peculiar.

Usters and Raglans, made of plaid, stripe and
check cloths, some with vest front and half
capes \$6.50, worth \$12.50 and \$15.
Long Garments in striped cloth, selected patterns
at \$7, worth \$15.
Plain Beaver Newmarkets, mostly black, good,
strong material, \$7, worth \$16.
Ladies' Raglans, comprising corkscrews, beavers,
stripes and the like, \$7.50; many formerly sold
for \$17.50.

One thousand Ladies' Jackets, beavers, braided
stockettes, chevrons, bell and coat sleeves,
styles to suit every figure, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3,
\$3.50, \$4, \$4.50, \$5. Some of the above have sold
for \$12.

These few words should gather a
crowd large enough to clean the
Wraps out in short order.

We've two Black Silks that are
making talk because of their little
price. From the looms of Von
Beckerath.

Originally sold for \$1.35, now \$1.10.
Originally sold for \$2.00, now \$1.48.

DRY GOODS.

Keely Company

Blankets we ever sold at \$9.00 a
pair. This week you shall have
them at \$6.75.

"Keely Linen." Nowhere else
can such a Bargain be got. The
goods are pure, honest Linens in
the newest patterns and, in the reg-
ular way, handed on to you at a price
that you couldn't match across the
Atlantic. We will not quote them
every day, but they are here just
the same at 75c. No discount to
merchants or buyers of bolts.

The Shoe Room has a good and
proper stock of all the sorts that a
well conducted, progressive Shoe
Store should have, and the manager
proposes to secure and keep your
confidence by putting back of each
transaction the same elements of
sound dealing that hold all the rest
of this prospering organization.

Underwear and Hosiery. We'll
use severe measures to sell them.
Profit blood shall ooze from ghastly
price cuts.

These marked down goods are of
the present season's styles and in
every way perfect.

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They've been overhauled. Out
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The lot is immense, and off they
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FURNITURE AND CARPETS.

Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Com'y

\$45,372.21 Worth of Furniture

\$26,462.14 Worth of Carpets.

The above figures represent our stock as it stood Saturday night
when stock-taking was over.

The result surprised us. We have too many goods. To be truth-
ful to ourselves, we have over-bought, and as a matter of course we
must unload. To do this in the dull season we realize the fact that we
must.

Reduce the Prices.

This we have done, and on tomorrow we will throw this extraor-
inary stock of brand new goods on the market.

Ask yourselves, do you want a Carpet? Do you want a Suit of
Furniture for your parlor or bedroom, or for your dining room? If you
do not want anything just now, will you be likely to need anything in
our line in the next three months? If you will, it will be to your interest
to buy your goods during this

Extraordinary Special Sale!

Furniture and Carpets

MONDAY MORNING.

Solid Oak Bedroom Suits \$25 each.
Solid Walnut Bedroom Suits \$40.
Fine Bed Lounges at \$6.50.
Extension Tables \$3.75.
Plush Parlor Suits, 6 pieces, \$27.50.
20 patterns Carpets 12c per yard.
15 patterns extra super 50c per yard.
25 patterns Brussels 60c per yard.
15 patterns 5 frame Body Brussels at \$1.10.
per yard made and laid.

In fine Furniture and Carpets we will guarantee a saving of 20 per
cent from the prices of other dealers. We mean business, and we are
compelled to reduce the stock on hand at some price. If you need any-
thing in the Carpet or Furniture line come and see us.

Early buyers will have an advantage in choice of selection.
Over seventy thousand dollars worth of Furniture and Carpets
will be thrown on the market at this dull season means, first, loss to us,
bargains for our customers, and consternation to competitors.

Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co.

89 and 91 Whitehall St.

FURNISHING

The New York Delegation Headed by Mayor Grant—Argument of Chancey Depew Chicago Set Forth Its Claims.

memorial arch and the Grant monument. [Laughter.] Chicago has one thing, and that New York has not—by the admission of the speaker this morning (Depew)—a civic spirit; and that spirit invites location of the financial and physical features of Chicago's claim were presented to the committee.

HEBREWS OF ATLANTA

THE IMPORTANT PART THEY HAVE TAKEN

In the City's Prosperity—Some of the Prominent Ones—What They Have Done and What They Are Doing.

Atlanta's Hebrew citizens. It is an interesting subject to write upon, yet it is one to which no short newspaper article can do justice.

Think a moment. Do you know how many souls are covered by that term? Do you realize what varied interests must be considered when one attempts to tell of the business life and business successes of the leading representatives of this race?

What a power for good any one strong element like this can be to a city's prosperity. A prominent Atlanta street merchant, who is a leader in one of Atlanta's prominent churches, was discussing various subjects with a lot of friends one day last week, when he got started on the Hebrews of Atlanta.

"I tell you what it is," he began—and he spoke with emphasis—"there is no one element in this city's make-up more powerful than that. Look around you in any and every business, in every walk of life, and you will see that the leaders are the Hebrews. Everybody must admire the wonderful business capacity which the race seems imbued, and everybody who makes any study of their home life will agree with me when I say that no people in the world are happier in their homes, none are better to their kindfolk, and none are better to the poor and needy."

"Did you ever see a poor Jew?"

"No body has."

"It's because they are all thrifty," explained the first speaker. "And then because their charity to the poor of their race is, as true charity should be, kept hidden from the world. No religion has such well organized, such sensible and such beautiful charities."

All of which was heartily indorsed by everybody in the little party.

That talk set one member of the party thinking. How many Hebrews were there in Atlanta, how much property do they own, and who are their leading men?

These questions were put to a prominent representative of the sect.

"I suppose," he said, "that Atlanta has in round numbers fifteen hundred Hebrews, though others might put the total even higher. Georgia has between 4,000 and 5,000. Here in Atlanta, they are found in all walks of life, and they own, I suppose, between two million, five hundred thousand, and three million dollars' worth of property. That is a conservative estimate. Yes, they are prosperous, as a rule, because they work hard, and save their money. And yet, I believe you will bear me out in the statement, when I say that no people give more willingly to public enterprises and to charities."

The story of this prosperity, of these charities, and of the work, both public and private, which they have done, are best to be told in short sketches of a few of the men who have been leaders in these works.

Who is to be named first? Ask any ten Hebrews you meet, any hundred, and from each one will come the answer:

HON. DAVID MAYER.

There is one experience of Mr. Mayer's life which is particularly worth mentioning. Somebody printed it several years ago, but it is a good story and it can be told again.

Mr. Mayer is a young man who already deserves the name of "merchant prince" is

During the war Governor Brown made Mr. Mayer a member of his staff, his special duties being in connection with raising supplies for the army. He was then, as he is now, one of the city's leading men and his home was frequented by such men as General Thomas, and Stephen, Governor Brown and others. His duties as staff officer made him familiar particularly with the country about Atlanta, the location of the cotton warehouses and so forth.

The incident I speak of occurred right after the war when the city was under military rule. One day three officers of the federal army, high in command, called on Mr. Mayer.

After beating around the bush some time they made him a proposition to go in with them and help, or at least wink at, their efforts to confiscate a large amount of cotton which was stored at different points around Atlanta. Mr. Mayer listened patiently to the end and then turned upon them.

"Are you soldiers or robbers?" he asked indignantly. Then, "the people who own that cotton are Christians, I am a Jew. They are nothing to me, but you, this, to take that cotton, you'll have to take it over my dead body. You may assassinate me, but in no other way can you keep me from preventing your doing this."

For few minutes, so the story goes, it looked as if the angry soldiers would carry out the suggestion. But they went away. The next day Mr. Mayer went to the general in command and told him of the circumstances.

"Will you," he asked, moved to tears by the thought of the wrong which was designed to be perpetrated upon him, "will you permit this robbery of these people? As a soldier, as a noble man, as a Mason, I beseech that you do not."

The general was an honest man and did prevent it, but the soldiers never forgave Mr. Mayer, and for a long time his life was in danger. "I do not know how the story got out," he said when I asked him about it. "I never told anybody but Richard Peters. I told him because I thought if I was killed it would be best for somebody to know why."

That is but an incident. It is in connection with works of charity about the city that Mr. Mayer is best known, and to the general public of Atlanta he has been called "the Moses of the Hebrews." He is one of the big men of the city, and here in 1848 from Washington, Ga., where he lived when he first came to Georgia. He was a dentist by profession, but both at Washington and here in Atlanta at 52 Whitehall street, he was in general merchandise.

He has made money, is now a director in the Capital City bank, and gives to the education of his time. He has never held public office save that of member of the board of education, he has not been in the city for years and in which he has won the love and admiration of scholars and teachers.

DR. BAK.

Dr. Henry Bak is recognized by medical men as one of the ablest practitioners in the city. He is more than that. He is one of the best educated and most cultured gentlemen in the state, and a student of the languages is known everywhere.

Dr. Bak has been in Atlanta since 1878. He is a native of Hungary. After a thorough college course, he graduated from the medical department of the university of Vienna, an honors in 1870. He was one of the prominent physicians in the city, and in 1871, Dr. Bak was graduated with honor, and having stood at the head of a competitive examination which a number of physicians took, he was assistant and house physician to the Allgemeine Krankenhaus, the largest hospital on earth. Later,

he devoted some time to a study of the large hospitals of France, and England, and in 1873 came to the United States. He was in San Francisco for awhile, and was a member of the state board of medical examinations. For family reasons he left the Pacific



Dr. Henry Bak, a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie.

slope, and at the request of friends, located here in Atlanta, where he has been engaged in the practice of his profession ever since.

The ability to take hold of a charitable movement of any kind and to boom it to success is a rare gift, one possessed by few men. But there is one man in Atlanta who has proven himself capable of this, and that man is

HON. JOSEPH HIRSCH.

That magnificent Hebrew Orphan's Home, built by the Independent Order of B'Nai B'rith, stands largely as a tribute to his energetic work in its behalf. Others helped, of course, and others were, possibly, as prominent as he in the work, but none worked more zealously and more successfully than real good.

Mr. Hirsch is a firm believer in faith. "Give me a two weeks' fair," he said more than a year ago, "and I will raise \$25,000 for a new school for the deaf."

It didn't come then—this hospital—but it is coming now, and Joe Hirsch is at the head of the movement.

"I have met with so much encouragement," he now says, "that I don't believe the fair will be necessary. We'll raise the amount needed without that."

Mr. Hirsch's proposition to name the institution the "Henry W. Grady Hospital" came from his heart, for nobody was a warmer admirer of that greatest of leaders in all good works than this man who was ever so ready to help where he led.

Joe Hirsch has been in Atlanta since his boyhood, when he came here with his father, a business with a store box as a desk. They have all worked hard, and all have accumulated great fortunes. Joe is in the council, and is a good member of the board.

A young man who already deserves the name of "merchant prince" is

Rev. Leo Reich is a young man for whom important a charge, and yet he is most successful. He came to Atlanta in 1869 from Augusta, where he had been for a year or more, and since coming here has obtained a firm hold upon his congregation. More than this he has won many friends and admirers outside his fold, for he is a man of recognized ability.

Mr. Reich is a careful, thorough student, and is devoted to his calling. He is well versed in Hebrew literature and sacred lore, is a deep thinker and an eloquent speaker, both in English and German. His early education was obtained under the tutelage of Rabbi S. B. Sopher, teachers of world-wide reputation. Afterwards he studied at the seminary of Buda-Pesth.

He came to Atlanta in 1863, and has since had charge in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Augusta and Atlanta, and is regarded as one of the rising young men in the ministry.

Of course, there are others—many others—who deserve mention as prominent Hebrews of Atlanta, but one short newspaper sketch cannot do justice to the list of the best of the professions, in all lines of business, in every walk of life; and they are citizens of whom the city and the state have reason to feel proud.

SOME NOTES ABOUT THE CAPITOL.

A practical example of the horror with which prisoners regard the county jails in Georgia was brought to the attention of Colonel Towers, principal keeper of the penitentiary, yesterday.

A man named Pyburn was convicted of murder last fall in Dade county and was placed in the county jail where his lawyers entered a plea for a new trial. A decision was reached last Tuesday granting the request and allowing Pyburn to give bail for his appearance at the second hearing. For weeks the prisoner had been under the private care of his friends, but he felt certain of speedy relief. The night before the decision of the court was made known, however, he could stand it no longer and broke jail. That he had the desire to escape was evidenced by the fact that he had been found in a convict camp and told the keeper who he was and asked to be taken in. This could not be done, and to Pyburn's great regret, he was returned to the jail, where he learned that a new trial had been granted.

Adjutant-General McKel yesterday signed the commission of a number of new lieutenants, the most important was the one creating W. G. Gordon, of Savannah, colonel of the First Georgia regiment of cavalry. General McKel also commissioned the following lieutenants: B. M. Thomas; first lieutenant, T. C. Thompson; second lieutenant, C. E. DeJonest; junior second lieutenant, J. R. Jones. For the Oglethorpe Infantry, James C. Jason, second lieutenant; and A. A. Austin, of the Clark light infantry, was appointed by General McKel to examine A. Teague for the position of junior second lieutenant.

Captain Purlow, of the comptroller general's office, yesterday received the bond for Charles O. S. Mallard, of McIntosh county, who was appointed last December by the board of county commissioners as tax collector to fill the place of J. M. Donely, deceased. The bond of John M. Hines was also received. Mr. Hines was elected tax collector of Lee county to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Joseph Deas.

An entirely new kind of sewing machine will be sold in Georgia this year. Comptroller-General Wright yesterday received the money to pay for the permit allowing the Love Manufacturing company to do business in the state, and also the amount necessary to license four agents.

ABOUT PEARLINE.

From the Watchman, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1889.

Every one knows about Pearline, almost every one who has been afflicted with the best of the blood, such as syphilis, rheumatism, scrofula, indigestion, torpid liver, jaundice, diabetes, Bright's disease, and all the other ailments of the blood. Manufactured by W. D. Co., Phoenix City, Ala. For sale by all druggists.

PEARLINE.

PEARLINE is a safe, pleasant and reliable medicine, and unfailing remedy for all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, such as syphilis, rheumatism, scrofula, indigestion, torpid liver, jaundice, diabetes, Bright's disease, and all the other ailments of the blood. Manufactured by W. D. Co., Phoenix City, Ala. For sale by all druggists.

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"Now I have eight mule colts from seven to eight months old, as fine young animals as you ever saw. They are going to be very large, fine mules when they are grown."

"Have they cost you much?"

"So far they have cost me almost nothing. Their feed has been so good, and they have cost me so far. You see, I raise very little cotton. I plant corn and oats, and on my old land I raise a few chickens. I have a few among the peas, and I cut the whole business and turn it into hay. I raised 12,000 bales of pea hay last year, of as fine a quality as you ever saw. This season has been so mild so far that my colts have made their own living, but this has been a most unusual winter. I can put those mules on the market at \$100 each, and I said, they are worth \$100 each. Take a cow at the same age and she is worth about ten dollars. See the difference?"

"Are the mules generally marketed that young?"

"Well, three years is the age when they are usually put on the market. They are worth \$150. You know a Georgia raised mule is worth more than the Kentucky mule in these markets. They are harder, live longer and are more active and serviceable than the Kentucky bred stock. They are already acclimated and there is less danger of disease with the animals raised here at home."

"Do you grow grass?"

"No, but here I have depended on diversified crops. A man can raise all the corn and oats he wants, and by sowing peas in the corn and oats he can get a full crop of the hay in the world. I make my mares earn their own feed, even while in foal. With proper management a man can get a crop of mules every year. It is a good business."

"Will they bring a colt every year?"

"Yes, from the time they are three years old they can be bred, and they will almost certainly bring a colt every year. You may safely calculate on every mare raising ten colts. Of course you must take the colt away from the mare before she has a chance to breed, and it is long enough for a mare to carry a colt. After that age, the colt is able to take care of itself."

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FOR SALE—ONE LARGE FINE HOME. Enquire at 20 Peachtree street.

MARRIAGES FOR FIRST-CLASS HOME. For a fine marriage, go to John M. Smith, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

MARRIAGES FOR SALE CHEAP—SEVERAL. For a fine marriage, go to John M. Smith, also one Landauet. These vehicles have been used a short time and are in good order. John M. Smith, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

FOR SALE—A FINE YOUNG COMBINATION horse; also a jump seat surry and harness cheap; must be sold at once. Apply at S. Whitehall, 36 Whitehall street.

FOR SALE—GOOD SECOND-HAND FAMILY buggy, made by John M. Smith. G. A. Howell, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

FOR SALE—CHEAP, ONE SECOND HAND buggy. 36 Whitehall street.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR SALE—A GOOD PIANO—WILL SELL cheap. Apply to J. E. Adams, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

CITY BONDS FOR SALE—FIVE THOUSAND (\$5000) in six per cent bonds, dated January 1st, 1890, and falling due January 1st, 1900, and five hundred bonds each January 1st thereafter. For full information address: J. M. Mayo, city clerk, 100 and 102 Wheat street. Sun Mon

FANCY POULTRY, PET STOCK

I WILL POOL THE LIMIT NUMBER OF SETS of eggs from my prize bred Plymouth Rocks, St. Brahmas and Langshans at \$1 per dozen. Apply to J. E. Adams, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

FANCY POULTRY OF ALL KINDS NOW ready to ship; also six Newfoundland pups, four German mastiff pups, five fox hound pups, chequers, weimars, &c. Apply to Mrs. D. Morrison, West End, Atlanta, Ga.

FOR SALE—A FINE POINTER, WELL trained, with a fine spotted coat, and a good bitch, extra well bred, and an elegant retriever, will not mash a bird. Four years old. Address W. H. Adams, 100 and 102 Wheat street.

E. H. CAPITAL AVENUE, JUST FINISHED. Good water, good garden, and corner lot on easy terms, and very cheap at \$4,000, or will rent it at \$25 a month.

R. H. WHITEALL STREET, LOVELY HOME. Good water, good garden, \$3,000 or I will rent for \$30 a month.

R. H. ON FINLOET, CENTRAL PART OF city, with a large lot, want someone with security to take this \$600 at 6 per cent; no commission; give description of property and location.

R. H. BEAUTIFUL HIGH LOT ON YOUNG street, all large rooms and well finished, \$2,000.

R. H., CORNER CRUMLEY AND FORM- way streets, nearly new, good lot, \$9,125. This cheap. \$1,000.

R. H., BUTLER STREET, NEAR EDGE- wood avenue, eastern view, time high lot, only \$1,000.

R. H., BUTLER STREET, HIGH CORNER lot, gas and water, newly painted and papered; this is a gem, come and see it.

NICE NEW HOMES ON FAIRVIEW STREET THIS

SPECIAL BARGAIN. For sale or lease, on corner, near the city, beautifully situated. This is a bargain. **\$25-100**

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—I BORROWED \$600 from a building and loan association at 6 per cent; have sold property and want someone with security to take this \$600 at 6 per cent; no commission; give description of property and location.

MONEY TO LOAN—REAL ESTATE LOANS I promptly negotiated at low rates. Francis M. Barnet, 15 E. Burnett.

WANTED—A CHEAP, SECOND-HAND DESK Address "Spot Cash," this office.

MONEY TO LOAN—SOUTHERN HOME Loan Association, 15 E. Burnett, over the new bank. Call for pamphlet. **\$2-12**

MONEY TO LEND AT LOWEST RATES on city property, in city, long or short time or by installment, to suit borrower. Money here, so no delay. S. Barnett, 15 E. Burnett.

1	h, 21 Oak Street.....	20 00
2	h, 30 & 40 Jones street.....	20 00
3	h, Forest Avenue.....	20 00
4	h, 157 Jones street.....	20 00
5	h, Pulliam, near car line.....	25 00
6	h, 66 Smith street, nice place.....	15 00
7	h, corner Jones and Cooper.....	20 00
8	h, corner Gordon and Garner, West End.....	20 00
9	h, Oak Street, West End, near car.....	15 00
10	h, 66 Wood street, new and nice.....	12 00
11	h, 1st and small store Fortness avenue lights.....	10 00
12	h, 1st and W. Market.....	10 00
13	h, coal and woodyard, very desirable.....	6 00
14	h, store house and 3 upstairs, McDaniel.....	6 00
15	h, large office, 2d floor.....	6 00
16	h, small office, 2d floor, Alabama street.....	6 00
17	h, 10 room "hotel", at "Lafayette".....	
18	h, only hotel in that beautiful and prosperous little city, partly furnished and has good business, per month.....	30 00
19	h, 2 new cars, 3rd and outbuilding, 2 tenant house, at Hapeville, Ga. Will rent for year, \$1 per month.....	15 00
20	We have unlimited demand for dwelling houses by all classes of tenants. Let us have your houses	

SYMPOSIUM.

BRAINY MEN.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A POET, JOURNALIST, WARRIOR.

Colonel Albert Barnitz Has Something to Say Upon the Subject of Desertions from the Army—A Man with a Career.

Colonel Albert Barnitz, poet, journalist, warrior, is a man whose life's story reads like a romance. Colonel Barnitz calls Cleveland, Ohio, his home, but for some time he has spent his winters in Atlanta, and as he has made investments here Atlanta claims him. A man of brains, who has passed through some of the most thrilling experiences which ever fell to the lot of a warrior. I know of no more charming fellow to talk with.

"I don't look much like a fellow who had his obituary written three separate times, do I?" he said as he sat in his parlor at the Kimball one day last week. "I look hale and hearty enough, I suppose, yet I have been mourned for dead. Once—and I well remember the time—General Custer leaned over me and bade me 'good-by,' promising that my body should be sent to Cleveland for decent burial. The doctors had just told me that I couldn't live twenty minutes; now poor Custer's gone, that doctor's gone—and well I'm here yet."

He was in a reminiscent mood, and to draw him out, I asked him about his experiences in the late war. "I served through the war," he began, "in the Second Ohio cavalry, one of the most noted regiments in the service. It campaigned in eighteen states and one territory, marching an aggregate distance of twenty-seven thousand miles. It served in five armies, and participated in ninety-five battles and engagements, losing in killed and disabled upwards of twenty-two hundred men. I had the honor to command the regiment, during the closing campaigns about Richmond, including the battles of Dinwiddie Court-house, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek and Appomattox, and its achievements during that period are part of the official history of the war."

"But you were in the regular army." "Yes; after the war I was commissioned in the Seventh Regiment United States Cavalry, and served with General Custer, in arduous Indian campaigns on the great plains, marching many thousand miles, and participating in numerous engagements with the hostile tribes. I have been—supposed to be mortally wounded on different occasions—the last being in an Indian engagement, known as the battle of the Washita. The ball passed through my body, entering near the heart, and passing out near the spine, and the medical officers sorrowfully assured me that I could not live twenty minutes. The word went forward, as usual, that I was dead again, and so my old friend, Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial, wrote up my obituary in good style, and for the third time, recounting how I had written poetry in my youth, and had corresponded for his paper during the war, and how I had distinguished myself as poet, journalist and warrior. He may have even shed a tear or two, as a parting tribute."

"Then a few weeks later I surprised him by calling upon him to pay my respects, as I passed through Cincinnati on leave of absence. I thought he appeared a little dazed, but he again congratulated me by the appointment of one whom he had so often gloried as dead! At all events, he said, on parting: 'Barnitz, the next time you are killed, I am just going to say, 'Barnitz is dead.' I am tired of writing obituaries of you—and all no purpose."

"But I trust he will forget his decision when the time comes, and give me the customary send off in good shape, notwithstanding all former disappointments."

He branched off to a discussion of some of the needs of the regular army. He is a thorough army man—though now that he is retired he devotes most of his time to his pen—and like all such has a warm place in his heart for the army.

"Now that there is so much discussion over desertions from the army," he said, "it is only natural that every one who has the welfare of the army at heart should consider the best way of preventing it. During the past few weeks I have visited the military at Fort Leavenworth, the only one of that class in the United States. Confined in this prison are four or five hundred men sentenced to hard labor for a certain number of years, for the crime of desertion. In looking over these men one does not see the hardened countenances of criminals, but in many cases intelligent, youthful faces, that appeal strongly to one's sympathy; and while it is true, that having deserted, they deserve, and must receive, such punishment as will deter others from a like offense, yet it has seemed to me a matter for regret that the government does not provide a way by which recruits, who find after a few months experience in the army, may regain their freedom without the necessity for desertion."

"But what could be done?" I asked. "Well, in time of peace it might be sufficient, it appears to me to require them to reimburse the government for some part of the expense incurred for their subsistence, clothing, etc.; and to enable them to do this some part of their pay might be retained during the first few months of their service, to be returned to them at the expiration of their terms of enlistment, if not sooner discharged upon their own application. A soldier partially instructed, and discharged upon application, as suggested, would be likely to re-enlist upon any emergency, with considerable following, among the volunteers, if not in the regular force, and in this way the government would reap the benefit of any small outlay originally incurred in his behalf. He would meanwhile have aided in adding to the wealth of the country, and have cherished patriotic sentiments towards the government—a matter which might well be fostered by wise legislation."

"Wouldn't such a plan be detrimental to army discipline?" "I think not. Of course nothing of the sort could be thought of in time of war, when desertion is the greatest crime that can be committed. But I do not think it necessary to fill up the ranks of the army in time of peace with men who do not want to be there. Let them try it, and if they don't like it, let them quit."

I asked Colonel Barnitz about his writings. He laughed and said: "Oh, they are not worth mentioning. I have only dabbled a little."

But the colonel is too modest. I know that in early life he wrote a good deal of poetry and many newspaper sketches, that he did corresponding for Ohio papers during the war, and that now he does correspondence for the Cleveland Leader and is a constant contributor to the leading magazines.

And I know that he is an exceedingly pleasant fellow to chat with.

A dividend-paying stock is always desired for investors. The Merchants and Mechanics' Banking and Loan Co. is in the hands of men who manage it to that end for the stockholders.

A BRAVE ENGINEER.

He Stands To His Post, But, Fortunately, Is Not Hurt.

MACON, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—A collision occurred in the Central railroad yard this morning between a Georgia and Southwestern passenger train. Train No. 8, the Southwestern, due here at 7:30, was about ten minutes late, and, instead of stopping beyond the switch, came on down town. In the shed. The Georgia train being on time, was running up the track to get into the shed also, and as the weather was very foggy at the time, the trains came together with a loud crash. The engine of the Georgia train was considerably torn up, and the tender telescoped into a freight car. It was a mixed train. Engineer Lee bravely stood at his post until after the collision. The passengers were put off in the yards, and walked to the shed. The engine of the Southwestern train was partially disabled. The trains were running about ten miles an hour at the time of the collision, and it is a miracle that no one was hurt, and greater damage was not done to the two trains.

Social Notes.

MACON, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—Net week promises to be very gay. On Monday night the German club will give a German at the Volunteer's armory, complimentary to the Young Ladies' Cotillion club, also, on Monday night, the Progress club will give a dance complimentary to visiting young ladies. Tuesday night the Commercial club will give a German at the Volunteer's armory. Wednesday night Robert Downing appears in "The White Pilgrim," at the academy of music. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Dr. McElhatten gives a reception, and on Thursday night Mr. and Mrs. Morrison Rogers give a reception to Miss Johnson, of Alabama, also, on Thursday night, the Noble Son, at the academy of music. No booking has yet been made for Friday night, but there will certainly be some attraction.

A grand fancy dress charity ball will be given at the Volunteer's armory, on the 12th instant. An elegant supper will be served. There will doubtless be an immense attendance. The proceeds are for the benefit of the hospital fund. Mrs. Shorter, nee Miss Wylene Lamar, will give a grand reception in Eufrasia, at a near date, commensurate to her brother, Mr. Walter Lamar, of Macon.

General Gossip.

MACON, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—A few days ago the electric car ran over and killed a \$250 setter dog of Dr. H. McElhatten's. The road declines to pay damages, and Dr. McElhatten has employed lawyers and sue for \$500. The supreme court of Georgia held a few years ago in the suit brought by the late senator, John McElhatten, against the Central railroad for damages for killing his dog by a train, that dogs had no market value, and would not allow damages. Dr. McElhatten claims that his setter had a market value of \$250, and will press the suit on this line. The dog in question has taken thirteen first prizes at bench shows in Georgia, and he was expecting the animal to win several prizes this year.

This morning a seven-year-old son of Mrs. Mary Barnett accidentally shot himself with a pistol. The bullet passed through the jaw and entered into his mouth. It was extracted by Dr. James Ethridge.

Mr. George W. Burr, a highly esteemed and well-known citizen, is critically ill from general decline. He has been in failing health some time. Mrs. Y. Cubbage went to Savannah last night, to attend the funeral services of her brother, Colonel George S. Cafe, who died yesterday from apoplexy.

Mr. W. F. Wimble, the marshal of Attala, Alabama, is in the city where he came to meet the remains of his brother-in-law, Judge H. W. Pickens, of Attala, who died suddenly at Crystal, Fla., where he went a short time ago for the benefit of his wife's health. Just as her condition commenced to improve, her husband died. The deceased was highly respected in the community where he lived.

The Bibb County Farmers' Alliance met today at the courthouse, President R. A. Johnson, of Walden, presiding. Mr. J. W. T. Howard resigned as secretary, and Mr. W. T. Bartlett was elected in his place. Rev. S. S. Sweet was elected vice-president. Vice Bartlett resigned to accept the secretaryship. Interesting discussions were held on the subject of fertilizers, and a committee was appointed to see about the purchase of fertilizers.

The Riverside Cemetery company has purchased the property of Mr. J. J. Clay and Mrs. Hanson, on Madison square, near the entrance to the city. The Riverside cemetery will be changed, so as to be where the Hanson and Clay property now is. A house for Superintendent Anderson will also be built on the site. Riverside cemetery is being made one of the most beautiful burial grounds in the south.

THE LOWDENSE COUNTY FARMERS.

Will Have a Celebration and a Cotton Wedding on Wednesday.

VALDOSTA, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—The Lowdense county alliance men have about completed their extensive warehouse at this place, and preparations are being made for a great celebration on next Wednesday upon the opening of the same. The Valdosta merchants have joined with them, and will make the occasion a great one. A great one. Gordon and Colonels Livingston and Northen will be here and speak to the farmers, and a basket dinner will be spread upon a table 1,000 feet long. The alliance men of eleven counties have been invited to attend, and it is believed that there will be 1,000 people in Valdosta on that day. A procession will organize on Savannah avenue, headed by a band of music. Then the Valdosta Videttes, the Thomasville Guards, the carriages with distinguished visitors and the Lowdense county alliance, the visiting alliance, Valdosta's business men and citizens generally. They will march through the principal streets of the town and out to the new warehouse near the Georgia Southern and Florida depot. A couple from the country will attend, in handsome suits of cotton bagging, and will be decorated on the speakers' stand. The Valdosta Gordon will perform the ceremony. The Savannah, Florida and Western will sell tickets for one fare from Waycross and Thomasville and intermediate to Valdosta. The Georgia Southern and Florida will also sell tickets from Cordele and Lake City and intermediate points for one fare to Valdosta. The grand farmers' meeting at the Piedmont exposition, this will be the largest gathering of alliance men ever held in this state.

AN UNFILLING SON.

Who Seeks to Put His Aged Mother Out of the Way.

AMERICUS, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—This afternoon Monroe Adams, a colored merchant of this city, made a desperate attempt to murder his old mother. The trouble arose about the division of some property owned by the two. Last night, according to the old woman's story, her son showed her a handful of cartridges, at the same time telling her that unless she surrendered the deeds to her home that he would put them through her. Today he again insisted upon a division, and upon her refusal got a shotgun and opened fire on her. The old woman escaped, and gave the alarm, and the belligerent son was quickly captured and locked up.

A NEW DAILY PAPER.

Will Soon be Issued by an American Company.

AMERICUS, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—A number of the business men of Americus have organized a joint stock company for the purpose of starting a new daily paper. Ten thousand dollars has already been subscribed, and this amount can easily be doubled if necessary, as the wealthiest and most influential men in the city are backing the movement. A complete outfit will be ordered immediately, and it is expected that the paper will make its appearance within thirty days. Mr. R. H. Brunby, of Brunswick, will, in all probability, have the editorial management, with J. W. Furrow, of this place, as city editor.

The Roberts Case.

DOUGLASSVILLE, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—For the past two days the justices of the peace have been engaged in trying Pete Hembree, George Hembree, Joe Morris and Jack Morris, charged with misbreeding oys. Jack Roberts during Christmas week, an account of which appeared in THE CONSTITUTION and erroneously located the affair in this town. The evidence showed that the affair occurred miles from Douglassville. After a long, patient and thorough investigation all the defendants were discharged, showing that Mr. Roberts magnified the matter to his friends in Atlanta.

An Accidental Death.

UNION POINT, Ga., January 11.—[Special.]—A shocking case of killing occurred here this afternoon, in which Paul Binn was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of Wink Vanzandt. They are both colored boys, about twelve or thirteen years old.

The upland spot cotton market of Savannah, has become excited the last few days and is very feverish. The exporters have sold short.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

THE FINEST CHOCOLATE CREAMS!

And Most Delicious BUTTERCUPS

Will Be Sold At 30 CENTS!

PER POUND

For a Few Weeks on SATURDAYS.

NUNNALLY'S,

36 Whitehall St.

STANDARD WAGON COMPANY.

Reduced Prices for Their Goods for the Next Thirty Days.

For thirty days at the Repository of the Standard Wagon Co., we will offer unparalleled bargains.

We have on hand a variety of strictly fine Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Victorias, Tea Carts, and in fact, nearly everything on wheels, which are on sale during the next thirty days, at a reduction of from \$25 to \$50 each.

We are making room for a Large Stock of our own manufacture, and are determined to offer bargains on the above Fine Vehicles.

If you want any of them, NOW IS YOUR TIME.

Call at the Repository on West Alabama street, and see for yourself. Polite attention shown whether you buy or not. You know our goods are the top of the market, and when we offer them at a discount it means such to your pocket. These goods have had the lead in the state for a number of years and have given perfect satisfaction. This is the verdict of the people everywhere. Remember we save you a big per cent in buying from us.

Big reductions on Wagons and Carts; almost your own price. Standard Wagon Co., Nos. 35 to 47 West Alabama street, dec 15-d 1m, fol H & F 5p

THE BRIDAL TRUNK

—AT THE— ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY

The above Leather Bridal Trunk to be sold for a few days longer at \$9. We have 1,000 Trunks that must be sold at a sacrifice to make room for new spring styles. Come and price them.

MERCHANTS AND DRUMMERS!

You need Sample Cases and Valises. We are headquarters. Best goods at lowest prices. Special to S. T. A.

LIEBERMAN & KAUFMANN

92 and 94 Whitehall St. and royal baking 5p

Never Known to Fail.

Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Capcubs, the best remedy for gonorrhea, gleet and all diseases of the urinary organs. Its potent action, freedom from taste and always in less time than any other preparation make Tarrant's Extract the most desirable remedy ever manufactured. All genuine has red strip across the face of label, with signature of Tarrant & Co., New York, upon it. Price \$1. sold every-where.

TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND CAPCUBS

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TARRANT'S EXTRACT OF CUBEBS AND CAPCUBS

"If the Gulf Stream Controls the Weather"

And the weather regulates sales, and sales govern prices, rather than prices governing sales, whether these are verified facts or merely trade superstitions, the truth remains that

John Ryans Sons

Have forced sales in certain lines the past week, noticeably in Cloaks, to such an extent that they have not a dozen left. And how did they do this? Was there any great secret? No! They merely threw cost to the winds and gave their customers the benefit of this unseasonable weather by getting rid of their Cloaks at a loss before the winter is over. In the same way and for the same reasons they will offer this week

A GRAND ARRAY OF BARGAINS

50 pieces 36 inch plaid dress goods at 12 1-2c yard.
150 remnants 40 inch wide all wool dress goods, 8 yard lengths, at \$2 pattern.
130 remnants 54 inch English check tweed dress goods, 6 yard lengths, \$1.75 pattern.
100 pieces fancy checked ginghams only 3 3-4c yard.
100 pieces solid color chambrays only 3 3-4c yard.
50 pieces scrim for curtains only 5c yard.
100 patterns finest French novelty suits, worth from \$15 to \$35 each, only \$10 pattern.

Best quality 2100 thread 4-ply linen collars only 10c each, worth 25c.
Best quality 4-ply linen cuffs only 15c pair, worth 40c pair.
65 pieces extra quality India silks at 39c yard, worth 75c.
125 dozen good quality all linen towels only 5c each.
97 dozen large size Russian bath towels at 9c each, worth 25c.
75 pair 10-4 white blankets only 95c pair.
54 pieces canton flannels only 3 1/2c yard.
37 pieces white table linen only 20c yard.
108 pieces yard wide bleached shirting only 5c yard.
28 dozen white pongee silk handkerchiefs, hem-med stitched, only 35c each.
32 dozen gent's camel's hair drawers only 25c each.
Imported monkey muffs only \$2 each.
Imported sable and lynx muffs only \$1.50 each.
Gent's double reinforced unlaundried shirts 33 1/2c each.
Ladies' English derby ribbed hose only 25c pair.
50 different patterns in gentlemen's pants only \$2.90 pair, worth from \$4 to \$7.50 pair.
J. & P. Coats's best six-cord spool cotton only 40c dozen.
Clark's O. N. T. best six-cord spool cotton only 40c dozen.
100 pieces 45 inch embroidered skirtings, in hemmedstitched, tucked, box and accordion pleats, just opened at prices that will astonish you.

Some of the stores become intoxicated with their own grandiloquence, and are deluded into the belief that figures of speech have the same attractions for the public that they have for their own vanity; but no figures attract the buyer's eye like the old Arabic numerals attached to the piece of goods itself. Now, see how eloquently these figures speak, though they are written in perpendicular columns like the Chinese language:

Infants' kid button shoes 40c pair, worth 75c.
Infants' kid button shoes 50c pair, worth \$1.
Children's kid button shoes, spring heels, 65c, worth \$1.
Children's goat button shoes, solar tip, 85c, worth \$1.25.
Children's goat button shoes, solar tip, \$1, worth \$1.50.
Misses' calf button shoes, solar tip, \$1, worth \$1.50.
Misses' oil goat button shoes, spring heels, \$1, worth \$1.50.
Ziegler's dongola button shoes, spring heels, \$1.25, worth \$2.
Stribley's ladies' dongola button shoes \$1.25, worth \$2.
Morrow's ladies' dongola button shoes \$1.50, worth \$2.50.
E. P. Reed's dongola button shoes \$2, worth \$3.25.
J. T. Cousin's hand-turn and common sense opera \$2.50, worth \$4.
Ziegler's hand-turn and common sense opera, \$2.50, worth \$4.
Ziegler's fine dongola button, patent tip, \$2.50, worth \$4.25.
J. & T. Cousin's fine French kid button, hand-sewed, \$3, worth \$5.
Men's calf bals. shoes, New York and London toe, \$1.75, worth \$3.
Docker's \$3 shoes, all styles, only \$2 pair.
Men's American calf shoes, "for dress," in buttons, lace and congress, \$2.50, worth \$4.
Men's hand-sewed, calf, button and bals., \$3, worth \$4.50.
Men's calf button and congress, cork soles, \$3.25, worth \$5.

We never trespass on your time or patience unless we have something to tell you which, if heeded, will inure to your advantage. Now, this is no secret, or we would not advertise it to the world; nor is it a secret how we do it. We want to get rid of the goods. Why? Well, that is not an open secret, but this is. We are making and putting down on your floor a

A HARTFORD BODY BRUSSELS CARPET FOR \$1 PER YD.

Now there is no chance to equivocate or misrepresent, for the word Hartford, Lowell and Bigelow are woven into the backs of all carpets from those mills. Our competitors will tell you that they cannot be bought at the factory at one dollar a yard. That is not to the point, but it is to your interest to come and see. Now, where also in the United States can you buy a Velvet Carpet with a border, and we say "with a border" to distinguish them from common goods or remnants. Where, we ask, can you get a

VELVET CARPET LAID DOWN ON YOUR FLOOR AT \$1 PER YD.

EXCEPT AT

JOHN RYAN'S SONS!

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS FOUND IN A CONDENSED SHAPE.

Items of Interest to Everybody. Which the Constitution Reporters Have Gathered Together.

A Verdict for \$2,000.—The case of Mary Hicks versus the Richmond and Danville, in United States circuit court, resulted in a verdict of \$2,000 for the defendant.

Admitted to the Bar.—Mr. Halsted Smith, of Rome, and Mr. W. S. Trevelick, of Gainesville, were admitted before Judge Newman yesterday to practice in the United States district and circuit courts.

She Is Quite Ill.—Mrs. Wallace Rhodes is seriously ill at her home on Houston street. She has been sick for several days, but her illness was not thought to be serious until a day or two ago.

A Fish Skin Shoe.—Delbridge, the shoemaker under the James bank, has just made a fine pair of fish skin shoes for an Atlantan. The shoes are as soft and pliable as velvet, and put up in the latest style.

Work on the Home.—Work has been resumed on the Confederate Soldier's home. A force under the management of J. L. Mosteller are busy planting an orchard and grape vineyard, and at the same time the construction of the main building is being pushed rapidly forward.

For the Confederate Home.—Dr. Amos Fox was notified yesterday by Judge Erskine that he might select one of two handsome sets of parlor furniture for the Confederate Home. Fox has not yet decided in accepting the generous offer, and the furniture is now waiting the completion of the building to be placed in position.

Getting Ready to Change.—Mr. J. O. Winn, the agent of the Alliance exchange, is preparing his books and papers for the change of management, which will take place on the 25th of December. On the day appointed, Mr. Felix Corput will meet Mr. W. L. Peck at the exchange office, and will transfer to him all the property under his charge.

The Business Men Appreciated.—Mr. Blodgett, superintendent of mails, has conferred a public benefit on the business men of Atlanta by his enterprise in organizing the new system of collecting the mails. Under the new state of affairs the letters are gathered from the business points of the city once every hour after 3 o'clock p. m., and it is now possible to catch a mail without being obliged to walk to the postoffice.

He Broke the Record.—The record of the most absent-minded man is broken. A gentleman yesterday drove in his buggy with his mother to the Gate City bank building to sell a piece of property. In his lawyer's office he met the purchaser, and in due form all the deeds were signed. Then the party went before a notary public and did some swearing, after which the absent-minded man delivered up the deeds, handed his mother into the buggy and drove off without receiving a cent of the purchase money. Two hours later he had not remembered to return and recover the value of his property.

Pleading Guilty.—A big batch of internal revenue prisoners took their sentences yesterday afternoon, all pleading guilty. There were sixteen in the lot.

W. P. Sisson, Gilmer county; J. C. Swafford, Hall county; E. L. Tool, Clarke county; William Collins, Pickens county; Billy Morrison, Union county; Pleasant A. Coffey, Oconee county; Martin Dickerson, Rabun county; James J. Varner, Clarke county; Wesley Sanders, Franklin county; Robert Branch, Union county; M. L. Wheeler, Hall county; Wesley Nichols, Oconee county; Sam Hall, Paulding county; U. S. Hooper, Union county; A. J. Walden, Hall county, and Thomas A. Burns, Union county.

Suing for Stock.—F. W. Miller, stock and bond broker, has entered suit against F. M. Coker for violation of contract, involving the sale and delivery of 250 shares of the capital stock of the Westview Cemetery company. The declaration filed in the clerk's office alleges that Mr. Coker agreed on the 13th of December last to deliver to the plaintiff at any time prior to January 1st, 1890, 250 shares of stock; that the purchase money of thirty dollars per share, the amount agreed on, was offered on January 3, but the delivery of the stock refused.

Mr. Coker was seen yesterday afternoon, but declined to express himself on the subject. When asked about the present value of the stock, Mr. Coker said he knew of some having been sold a few days ago at twenty-five dollars per share. It is understood that the company has been most successful.

Returned with Thanks.—Mr. Will Henderson, of the agricultural department, a few days ago presented Mr. Walter DeWolf with a valuable dog, in whose veins ran the blood of the Scotch terrier, mixed with that of the shepherd, and crossed by that of the Newfoundland. It was a beautiful animal, with its magnificent pedigree plainly discernible in its gait and make-up. Mr. DeWolf proudly took his dog home determined to nourish it until it grew in beauty and intelligence, and became the pride of the neighborhood. For the first time in its new home, the dog displayed only the quiet traits inherited from its terrier relatives. During the afternoon, however, it developed the abnormal appetite, due to the shepherd ancestry, and during the night it produced the magnificent bark which it derived from the Newfoundland side of the family. Mr. DeWolf returned the dog to Mr. Henderson yesterday, with many thanks, and is able to sleep again.

Negro Emigration from North Carolina.—There is no lagging in the migration of negroes from the Carolinas, especially from North Carolina. Two hundred and fifty came in yesterday in one lot, from Tarboro, N. C., to Calvert, Texas. Another lot of 200 came through this city, under the charge of Mr. J. H. Latimer, of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, and Mr. C. B. Walker, of the Western and Atlantic. This lot comes from North Carolina, and is the latest of a long line of local emigration statistics shows that the moving is by no means confined to the negroes. A great many white people are moving, and this is not surprising, for the reasons are attributable to a number of causes, rather than any one general reason. The stock law is driving off many, helped by a succession of poor crops, an early frost, and disastrous rains, and by guano bills that take up nearly all of the little crop gathered.

Judge John T. Henderson.—Mr. Edward Parsons, of the Wilson Coal and Lumber company, this city, was in the department of agriculture to-day, and in speaking with me of the unusual weather and the trouble farmers are having in saving their meat, said he lived in New Zealand from 1875 to 1889, and though the range of the thermometer all the year round was between fifty-four and seventy-four, he says he had no trouble in saving meat. His method was to kill, cut up and dry salt for forty-eight hours. Then make a pickle or brine strong enough to float an egg or Irish potato, for every hundred pounds of pork and a half ounce of saltpetre. In this pickle he placed the meat and turned it over every day for the first week; the second week he turned over every two days; and for the third and fourth weeks he turned every three and four days. It was then ready to be smoked. He claims to have frequently saved twenty and thirty pounds of meat in this way, which kept for twelve months or more. The same method is used with like success in England. Mr. Parsons further said that it would afford him pleasure to answer any inquiries that might be made of him on this subject. He is a gentleman of culture, and is reliable, hence I commend his plan of saving meat to the attention of the farmers of Georgia.

Death of Mrs. Whitman.—Mrs. Albert H. Whitman, wife of the physician director of the Young Men's Christian association, died at her home, No. 76 E. Hunter street, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning. Her sickness was short, and she was wholly unexpected. She leaves a little baby boy nine months old.

Short services were held at the residence at 4:45 p. m., before departure at 6 p. m. for their old home in Connecticut.

This is the second death that has stricken the Y. M. C. A. this week. Mrs. Licklider having just died on the 8th, and was buried the day she died.

Mr. W. J. Hogan, of 235 Hilliard street, was made happy yesterday by becoming the proud father of a fine boy baby.

OLD HICKORY.

SOME FRESH STORIES ABOUT ANDREW JACKSON.

Judge Barry, of Gallatin, Speaks of the Man Whose Deeds Are Honored—Jackson's Traits in Incident Revealed.

From the Nashville American.

One of the most interesting contemporaries of General Jackson, whose memorable victory at New Orleans will, with fitting ceremonies, be observed today, is now a citizen of Gallatin, where a quiet and peaceful existence is rounding out the years of a useful life. This is Judge Thomas Barry, the mention of whose name will call to mind an honored gentleman and veteran jurist, whose valuable services have many times in Tennessee's past brought him into enviable prominence. He was born July 2, 1806, and though nearly eighty years of age, still possesses remarkable physical activity and retains in an undimmed mind the long record of a busy career.

"I am extremely sorry," said the venerable judge, "that I cannot attend the meeting in Nashville tomorrow. The occasion to be observed is well worthy of celebration, for as Henry Clay truly remarked, Andrew Jackson, on the 8th day of January, 1815, covered himself and his country with a glory which will last as long as the Mississippi river shall roll its waters into the gulf of Mexico. I think the great traveler and statesman, Mr. Cobden, did not appreciate Jackson too highly when he said that he was the greatest ungrateful man that ever lived. I do not know of any other man that would have fought the battle of the night of December 23, 1814, which saved the city of New Orleans. The very moment Jackson heard that the English had landed he exclaimed:

"By the eternal God, they shall not sleep on the soil of freedom. I will fight them to-night!"

"This battle caused the English to believe the story told by an Irishman whom they had previously arrested, that Jackson had 20,000 men. This impression led to the delays that secured the great victory, and to the glory of his grand and glorious results. So soon as the victory was gained Jackson attended church to give thanks for his glorious victory, which was achieved by about 4,000 militia against 15,000 or 20,000 of the best troops in Europe, including those who had helped to defeat Italy at the greatest Napoleon's mistake."

"General Jackson was always ready to protect the innocent and help the weak. Nearly all the perilous fights in which he engaged were waged in defense of fear. He was at ways at any hazard for the right against the wrong."

"He was also full of wit when occasion offered. Once an aged aristocrat, and the speaker smiled as his thoughts reverted to an incident retained in his large store of reminiscence, 'called upon Jackson to protect him from the military into whose service he was about to be pressed."

"I am lame," said he, in explanation of his request.

"Can't you run?" inquired Jackson.

"No, I can't hardly walk."

"Well, I wish all my men were in your fix, the general quickly replied, and turning to his quartermaster said, 'Give him a gun.'"

"When Jackson was introduced to Major Lewis, of Franklin, the major addressing the great warrior, said:

"General Jackson, I have all my life been writing against you."

"And I, was the response he received, 'have been fighting the battles of my country in order that you might enjoy that privilege.'"

"Just previous to the battle of the Horseshoe when Jackson had his men drawn up in line of battle, preparatory to an attack on the works of the Indian fort, a strapping big soldier who stood just in front of the line, cried out:

"Oh, General Jackson, what shall I do? I have no gun."

"Jackson eyed the questioner a moment and replied:

"By the eternal God, my good fellow, try it first and skull. The whole army line was forced to smile as it commenced the attack."

"General Jackson once told me," continued the speaker, "that of all the brave men he knew he considered that the bravest were General Dyer, Gibson and General Elliott told me that he was crossing the Square in Nashville one night when Jackson, somewhat in his cups, approached him, and taking hold of him, said: 'You must go with me. I want with him,' said Mr. Elliott, 'and he took me into the ball room of the inn. Jackson introduced me to the persons present, and paid me the compliment to say: 'By the eternal God, when I ordered him to charge at Bunker's he took the water like a noble spauld.'"

"I do not deserve credit for that," replied Elliott; "for you were so mad and were frothing so at the corners of your mouth that I dared not stay, for I knew that if I did not leave a man who would have died of hydrophobia in less than nine days."

In 1844 a gentleman who knew General Jackson very well related to me an incident which he had witnessed. A very panicky neighbor of General Jackson's visited the Hermitage one day about the time that trouble was brewing with Mexico.

"The Mexicans are the most stubborn race in the world," excitedly remarked the visitor, and he got into a war with him I am afraid it was not long before they were at it."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that," calmly remarked the general. "I can go to any country, raise 5,000 volunteers and run every Mexican into the Pacific ocean in six months. The panicky man's nervousness seemed to be almost entirely allayed by this assurance of the general's power. He then related an occurrence which will illustrate General Jackson's indomitable courage. Over at Clover Bend a mob got after Jackson and his family, and he was obliged to flee. He was intent upon taking his life. Anderson had retreated and entered a yard with the mob in close pursuit. Jackson intercepted the angry horde and, with an exclamation of warning, drew his hand to his hip pocket and, withdrawing a spectacle-case, opened it and held it aloft, saying: 'Behold some distance.' 'By the eternal God,' he shouted, 'the first man that puts his foot on this step is a dead man.' This effectually checked the mob. 'I am not a soldier,' said Jackson to me afterward, 'but the snap of the spectacle case deceived them.'"

In 1819 the general was lying very ill at Tusculum. He had hemorrhages of the lungs and was not expected to live. It was difficult to get him warmed at all. Dr. Bruno, his physician, had worn himself out waiting on his patient and had walked out into the fresh air. While he was out a newsboy entered Jackson's room with a paper containing a copy of Mr. Clay's congressional resolutions concerning General Jackson for his action in hanging, during the Florida war, two instigators of strife named Arbuthnot and Ambrister. This newsboy read the resolutions to General Jackson who, as he became thoroughly enraged, soon became warm. Dr. Bruno soon came back, and having felt of his patient's pulse, said:

"General, you must have taken too much of that stimulant which I left you; your pulse is very high."

"I haven't touched your stimulant," was the reply.

"What is the cause then of this extraordinary change?" inquired the doctor.

"Read this paper and you will see."

"The second day after this occurrence Jackson was so warm that he threw off the cover and felt strong enough to get up and go out to Washington to see Mr. Clay. He came to Nashville from where he and Dr. Bruno set out on horseback to Abingdon, Va., where a stage line could be reached. They arrived at Baltimore, where a large crowd had assembled to see the distinguished warrior. Dr. Bruno said, in the audience, that he had read a speech made by Mr. Clay on the resolutions mentioned, and on the journey to Washington informed General Jackson of this fact."

"Give the paper to me," said the general.

"I will let you have it in proper time," was the reply which Dr. Bruno accompanied by a look which seemed to say, 'If I gave it to you now you would make everybody jump out the stage coach.'"

"After their arrival who should be the first

man to call to pay his respects but Mr. Clay, and least of all men was his presence desired by General Jackson. The meeting was a very unimpressive one, every eye being turned to requesting, as he did so, General Jackson to return the visit."

"If I am this gentleman, as you insist, I am not worthy to visit the gentleman," was the cutting response to the invitation."

"This resolution was not caused by any ill will or hatred, but was intended, by no means a bad example from being effective," Mr. Clay explained."

"I doubt that very much, sir," was the reply, as General Jackson fixed his piercing eye upon the statesman from Kentucky. The manner of Jackson so confused Mr. Clay that he stepped backward off the first step and came nearly falling into the street. Thereafter and one or two others made speeches in Jackson's defense and the resolutions were killed when the vote was taken in congress. Jackson was invited by the citizens of New York to visit that city, which he did soon after on a grand triumphal tour."

"When did you first see General Jackson?" the reporter asked."

"In 1825, in Nashville, when Lafayette visited the city, they were seated together in a carriage drawn by four large grey horses, a decoration which was participated in by 30,000. I thought that carriage bore the grandest portrait that I had ever seen. Quite a contrast in personal appearance, the slight, French, aristocrat was General Jackson. The latter was about six feet, rather spare and delicate, with an inclination to be hollow chested and slightly stooped. He had the biggest head I ever saw on any man. It must have required a 7½-inch hat. He had an expressive and changeable eye, in anger deep, in pleasure bright, in gentleness and kind. You might look Jackson in the eye and see every evidence of candor and sincerity. His object in conversation seemed to be to turn his hearer's wrongs into right, and nothing concealed. He was one of the most truthful men I ever saw."

"It has been said that Jackson did not himself write his state documents; what is your view on that?"

"Andrew Donelson said he would be sworn if need be to the statement that Jackson's nullification proclamation was seen by one of Jackson's major, Eaton, Editor Blair and himself, and that Jackson wrote it and gave it to Messrs. Blair and Eaton with the request that they correct any errors which might be found. Nearly the whole of it had been written at one sitting, and only three or four mistakes were made. Another officer asked Andrew to polish his shoes. He refused and was struck on the forehead, but he didn't black the general's shoes. Jackson was a very kind man, and one of the officers asked his brother, Bob Jackson, to black his boots. Bob refused and was given a blow that is well remembered to his death. Another officer asked Andrew to polish his shoes. He refused and was struck on the forehead, but he didn't black the general's shoes. Jackson was a very kind man, and one of the officers asked his brother, Bob Jackson, to black his boots. 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THE SWAMP FOX.

A MAN KNOWN AND FEARED BY ALL CRIMINALS.

Detective Bill Jones' Career Since the War Began—Chasing Criminals Into Prison and Seeing Them Punished.

WAMP FOX OF Georgia!

Pioneer of detectives in the south! Bill Jones, of Atlanta, Criminals throughout the country know his hiding places when he begins to move.

And well they may. Because for thirty years he has been a sleuth hound upon the track of every sneak thief, burglar, bank robber, highwayman and assassin who came upon his territory.

And during that time he has built a monument to his name.

Here it is: Seven hundred and eleven convictions with penitentiary sentences. Nine executions by law. Two executions by mob.

To say nothing about the many, many compromises brought about between the prosecution and the prisoner after the Swamp Fox had placed the crime where it belonged, and brought the criminal face to face with his accusers.

For twenty-five years he has been a resident of Atlanta and from Atlanta has done some of his hardest, most brilliant work—which would make thrilling sensation stories in the hands of one of Beadle's writers.

Roughly dressed, ugly and unclean he would pass a thousand men without attracting attention, other than the attention given a tramp.

Neatly dressed with his hair and beard properly attended he would pass the same crowd attracting the attention of all.

In his rough condition he would be ejected from a gentleman's barn yard.

In his dress suit he would grace that same gentleman's parlor.

His career as a detective has been a remarkable one, and from it story after story could be culled.

When the war began Jones was living in Nashville attending school, and before the echo of the guns at Fort Sumpter had died away he had exchanged his knickerbockers for the regulation grey and gone to the front as a drummer boy.

But beating a drum was too tame for him. He wanted to beat the Yankees.

Throwing away his drum before the campaign was half over, he gathered a musket, and between his size, bravely for his age, he was always well. Then when his was quarrelsome before the end and laid the for the ca so success. It was work courage, boldness, and Jones' ant could what that he wanted and for that one of his men's boys camp. Then went, but and met a spy. Then Jones volunteered in the command officer re

He can't expose a toy to all danger, and maybe death.

"But that's just what I want," said young Jones. "My age may disarm suspicion and let me succeed when others would fail."

Finally the officer gave his consent, and young Jones entered Kentucky with no luggage but his clothing and no arms, except a brave heart. Frankfort was his objective point, and near the town he found a warm confederate sympathizer, who he remained himself known. Then from that farmhouse he began work, and in a few days learned nearly all he wanted. Among other things, he ascertained that the commander of the army had at his headquarters maps and papers, showing the contemplated work. These Jones determined to have, and one day he succeeded in entering the house and securing them.

With this valuable information in his possession, he returned to the farm and the next day started on his return. When he reached his camp and surrendered the papers he became the hero of the army.

The work, though dangerous, was fascinating, and from that time until the war closed he continued to serve his government as a spy.

Three times he was captured, and twice he was sentenced to death. But he never gave up, and today tells the stories of his escapes with great delight.

And interesting stories they are.

When the war closed he came to Atlanta, and opened a small candy stand in front of the old American hotel. Candy selling was not to his taste, and one day he gave his stock to a one armed confederate soldier, and began skinning about in a short time he secured a position with the city detective force, and soon exhibited great skill in his work.

From the detective force he went to the regular police force, where he remained until he made up his mind to work for himself. Soon after he established an agency and within a very short time found his hands full.

About that time there was considerable crookedness among the railroads, and the detectives were flying about promiscuously. But they seemed unable to succeed, and one of the roads called in Mr. Jones. In a very short time his work began to cast its shadow and the other roads called upon him. The work was profitable, and for the past seven years he has been confining himself to it almost exclusively.

In that time he has found crookedness from the brakeman to the high official, and in this, as in all other work, he has kept a complete record.

A few days ago I called to see him about a case he was working, and found him sitting on his front porch studying a book—a book of his own making, in which are written the records of men. Closing the book he said:

"If you only had that book you could write a paper full of it."

"Of what?"

"Sensations. Why in that book are single pages for which I could get thousands of dollars for which I could get my price."

"What are they?"

"Things crooked. I know about men away in G. Why, in there is something about a railroad magnate worth a million or two for which he'd give a big check if he thought my memory would go with the page."

"Then why don't you sell it to him?"

"Cause I was paid my money to find it out and to give it to others. I have done my part and have got my money, and that ends it."

"Let me see it?"

"Not today. This is the only thing on earth I don't let my wife see. When I began making this book I made her promise to burn it when I die without reading a page of it. My eye is the only one which has ever seen it."

"It ought to be interesting?"

"It is. I have been making it for thirty years. In it is every case I ever touched. The cases are given in detail, and the result is here."

"How many cases are there?"

"The detective opened the book, and, turning to the last page, said:

"The last case is twenty-three hundred; of these, I have sent seven hundred and eleven parties to the chancery, have seen seven hung by law and two by mob. Those were

where I had worked the cases, and, after the arrests had been made, mobs came in and did their work."

"What of the others?"

"Some have never been solved, and others have been compromised."

Turning over a page, the detective said:

"Here's the case that gave me my title as Swamp Fox of Georgia."

"What is it?"

"In '68 a safe was blown open in Macon, and about \$11,000 were taken out. The case was put in my hands, and I followed the man into the swamps near where Lumber City now is. I found him there working at the mill, and got work too. In a short time he and I were quite friends, and were sleeping together. He had a habit of leaving the bed about day every morning, and I began to follow him. It was slow work, and required several weeks. One morning I'd go a certain distance, and then back, and the next morning a little further. Finally I went to the end of his rope. I followed him into the heart of the swamp and saw him take from the package and found over \$10,000 in it. That night we went to bed together, but about midnight I got up, and securing an officer, for whom I sent, went to that stump. The man, who had come at the usual hour, and as he stooped to reach for the package we sprang upon him and he was ours."

"What became of him?"

"He got twenty years, and I got \$2,500. That was a nice fee, but not the biggest pay I ever got."

"What was the biggest?"

"Forty-five hundred and all expenses for forty-five days work. But wait."

And the detective began narrating pages.

"Ah, here it is. A wealthy gentleman here in Atlanta lost \$10,000 in bonds and a promising son of eighteen at the same time. The boy went off with a pretty blonde and the old man came to me."

"Get back my boy and I'll pay you well," he said.

"I stated, and finally found the pair in Washington territory. They had been living high, and more than half the money was gone. The boy kicked, and swore he wouldn't come if I didn't bring the girl home. I was in a dilemma, but when we got here and I rendered my bill of expenses, there was just \$3,482.15 left of that \$10,000. They had been living high. I advised you. We hired a special car from Denver to Salt Lake. The old man looked over my bill, and paid it. Then he said:

"Take what that scamp has spent, and your bill out of the \$10,000, and I have just \$3,482.15 left. I ain't objecting to your bill, because you have done good work, so I'll just charge his exorbitant pay with \$10,000 even, and give you this."

"And he pushed the \$3,482.15 at me, and I took it, and called myself well paid."

"What became of the boy?"

"In less than thirty days he went back west, found that girl and married her, and today he is one of Atlanta's successful, popular and prominent men, while his wife is a great favorite. You see, people have forgotten all about the trouble. In fact, it was kept very quiet and few knew it."

"Do you know," he went on, "that this is a funny world. President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, sent me once. I knew him well, and he was like you see every day—no extra flourishes or flourishes. Well, when I got to Baltimore I went to a second-class boarding house, and my first duty was to advise him. But when I pulled a roll as big as your arm they became awful polite. The next morning I bought a new nickel cigar and went to the office. I was in a hurry, and wouldn't take a message to him, and ordered me out. While we were parrying Garrett came out of his private office, and seeing me, hurried across the hall, and said to me:

"Oh, Jones, I'm awful glad to see you. Come in."

"He grabbed me by the hand and led me into his private office. He ought to have seen them clerks open their eyes. Soon after we got in Garrett said:

"Jones, that's a mighty mean cigar you are smoking."

"That's the play, Mr. Garrett," I answered. "He smiled and handed me a good one. He had his shoes on the desk and I threw my cigar into the fire. He was in a hurry, and wouldn't take a message to him, and ordered me out. While we were parrying Garrett came out of his private office, and seeing me, hurried across the hall, and said to me:

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RAPID TRANSIT.

West End, Fort McPherson, and East Point.

Probably to Have Quick Rail Transit. It is very probable that the Central road will put on an hour schedule for East Point and intermediate points.

General E. P. Alexander, president of the Central system, was in the city yesterday, and while here inquired particularly about the establishment of such a schedule. He became thoroughly satisfied that it would be a good thing to do, and that it would not only be a great accommodation to the people along the road, but that it would be a paying investment.

It is likely that such a train will be soon put on, and will start promptly every hour from a station between Whitehall street and the Broad street bridge. It will go to East Point in about twenty minutes, so that the people of West End are promised a ten minute schedule in the course of a short while.

No better news could be given the people of this section than this, and it is sincerely hoped that the project will be carried out.

CHURCH CHIMES.

Services that Will Be Conducted Today in the Various Temples.

BAPTIST. Central Baptist church, corner West Peters and West Fair streets. Rev. William Henry pastor. Land pastor. Preaching at 11 o'clock by Rev. J. B. Davis of Newnan. No services at night. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

Third Baptist church, 31 Jones avenue. Rev. A. H. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. No preaching at night. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

Sixth Baptist church, West Hunter street. Rev. J. H. Weaver, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

West End Baptist church, Lee street. West End Baptist church, Lee street. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

Second Baptist church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets. Rev. Henry McDonald, D.D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. H. Hatcher. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets. Rev. J. B. Davis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

First Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets. Rev. J. B. Davis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Pastor J. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited to all services.

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REAL ESTATE.

SAML W. GOODE. ALBERT L. BECK.

SAML W. GOODE & CO.'S REAL ESTATE OFFERS!

REAL ESTATE OFFERS!

20 elegant lots, two fronting the Decatur wagon road and the Georgia railroad, each 60x120 feet, all high, level, beautiful, with east front, in charming neighborhood—all for \$6,500; half cash, remainder in one, two and three years, with eight per cent interest. They are directly in front and south of corner lot, and are a rare opportunity, and between the Edge-wood depot and Mason's crossing. Come and see them.

\$6,000 for the handsome lot on West Peachtree. It is 60x120 feet; is on top of the hill, fronts the city, and has a beautiful view of the city, electric light and sewer in front of it, and the electric car line is half block distant; has high and level, and has on it moderate improvements, renting for \$18 a month. The vacant ground is cheap at \$75 per front foot. Terms one-third cash, balance 12, 18 and 24 months, 8 per cent interest.

\$5,250 for new 6-room cottage on corner lot on Crew street; two car lines within a block; no better neighborhood in the city. Must be sold by January 1st. Streets and walks in front and rear; very convenient to glass works and in less than five minutes' walk to all parts of the city. A rare chance for speculation in buying now and selling at auction in the spring. Very liberal terms.

\$3,200 for new 6-room cottage on corner lot on Crew street; two car lines within a block; no better neighborhood in the city. Must be sold by January 1st. Streets and walks in front and rear; very convenient to glass works and in less than five minutes' walk to all parts of the city. A rare chance for speculation in buying now and selling at auction in the spring. Very liberal terms.

\$2,500 for new 6-room cottage on corner lot on Crew street; two car lines within a block; no better neighborhood in the city. Must be sold by January 1st. Streets and walks in front and rear; very convenient to glass works and in less than five minutes' walk to all parts of the city. A rare chance for speculation in buying now and selling at auction in the spring. Very liberal terms.

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BIG DRY GOODS SALE

WORTH OF BEAUTIFUL GOODS TO BE SLAUGHTERED REGARDLESS OF VALUE. THIS STOCK IS FULL OF CHOICE THINGS.

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